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wo dashes Grenadine & squeeze o' lemon
As served at the famous Savoy Cocktail Bar
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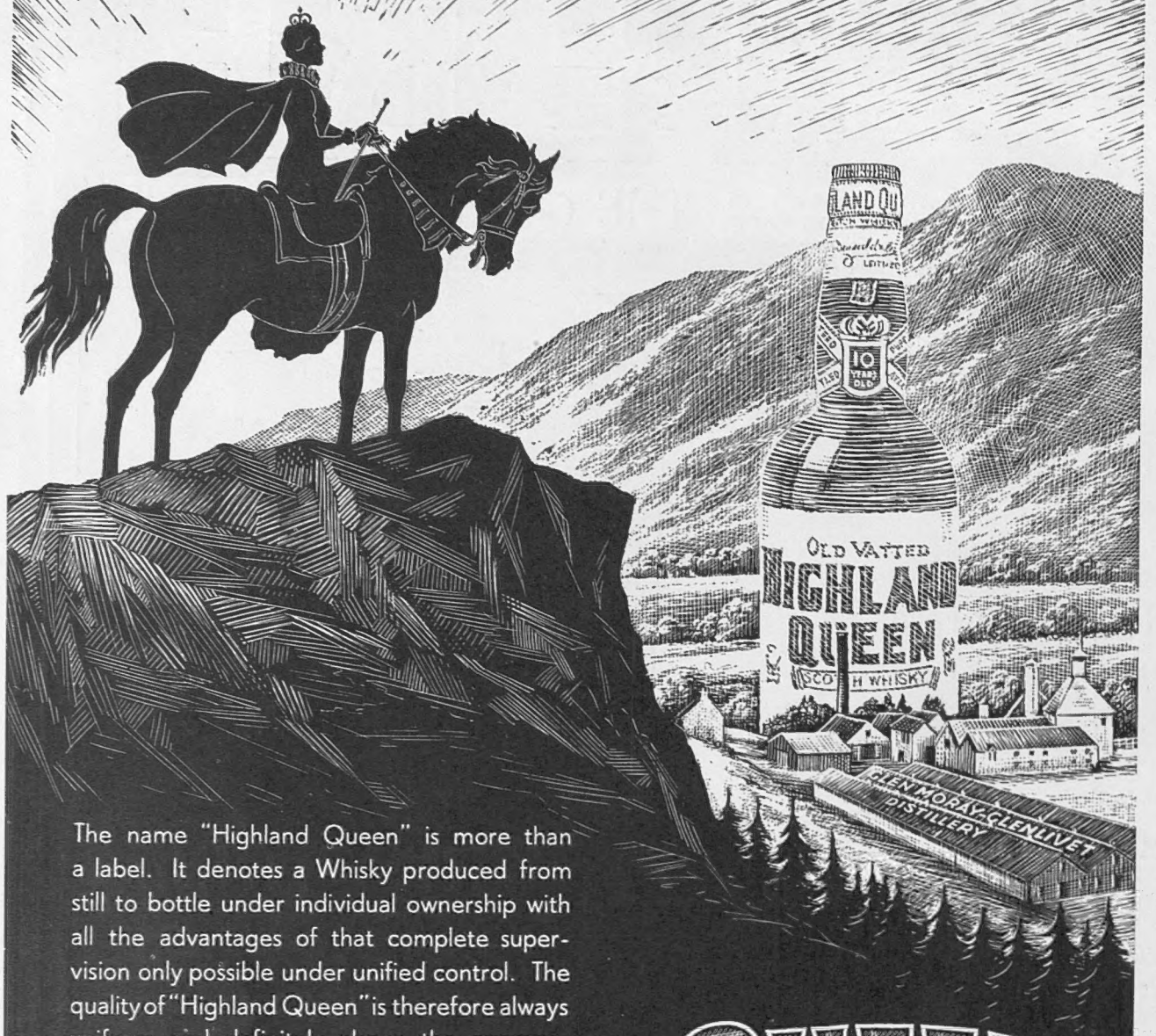
more than a name....



The name "Highland Queen" is more than a label. It denotes a Whisky produced from still to bottle under individual ownership with all the advantages of that complete supervision only possible under unified control. The quality of "Highland Queen" is therefore always uniform and definitely above the average.

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"Duro" No. 26 (oversize) - 21/-
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"AD-EX" FITNESS brings HEALTHY SLIMNESS

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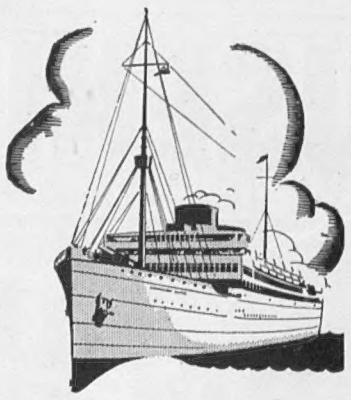

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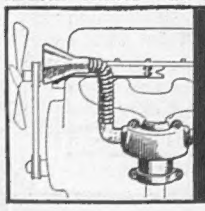

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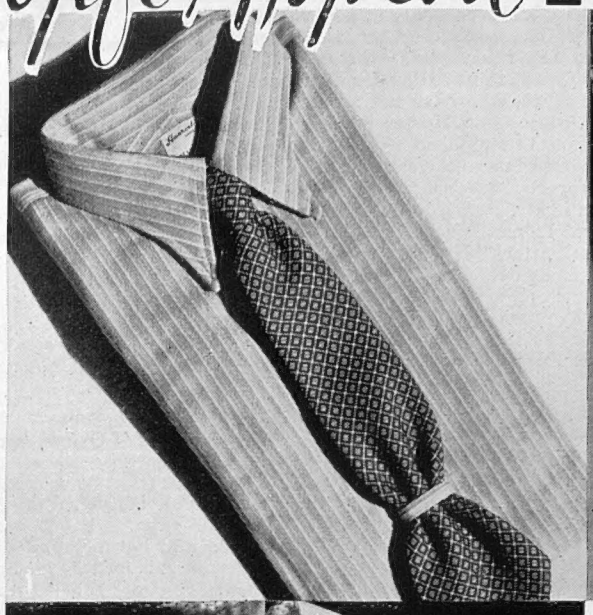
Gift Appeal FROM THE MAN'S SHOP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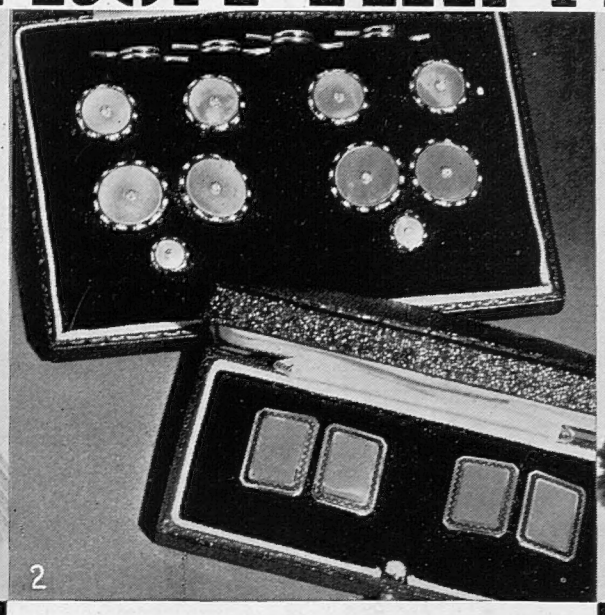
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A visit to Harrods newly enlarged Man's Shop will convince you not only of the most amazing selection of gifts for men, but also that at Christmas, it pays, as always, to 'get it at Harrods.'

(MU1) Golf Shirts in Crêpe Wool. Expanding shoulder pleats, and attached collar. Stripes, checks and plain colours. Each **15/6**
Foulard tie to tone, **4/6.** *Both in Gift Box for* 20/-

(MS2) Evening Dress Sets. Excellent variety. Complete sets. **63/-, 42/-, 30/-, 21/-**

(MS2a) Cuff Links. Many designs in enamel, white metal and silver. **8/6, 6/6, 4/6**

(MW3) Fur-backed Gloves. Backed with beaver coney, tan cape palms, sleigh wrists, lined fur. Sizes 7 to 9½. **22/6**
Gauntlets (lined wool) 30/-

(MS4) Fancy Silk Handkerchiefs. Variety of colours and designs in English printed crêpe-de-chine. 24 ins. square. Each **6/6**
3 for **18/6**

(MS4a) Ancient Madder Silk Handkerchiefs, fine twill silk. 27 ins. square. Each **8/6**
3 for **24/6**

(MS5) Printed Crêpe Silk Mufflers with fringed ends. Neat designs, blues, browns, wines and green. Size 18 by 54 ins. Each **21/-**

(MU6) Pure Wool Scotch make 'Sportover.' Raglan shoulders and double ribbed cuffs. Zipp fastener at neck. Colours of tartan green, flannel grey, blue mixture or navy. Chest sizes 36 to 44 ins. **21/-**

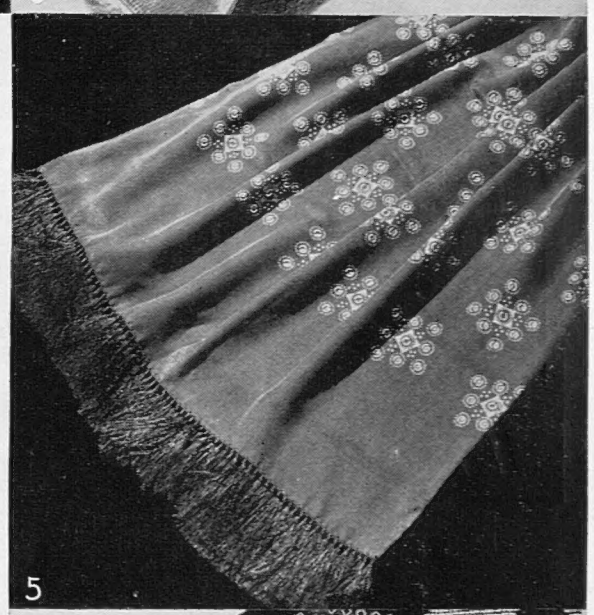
(MS7) Hand-made Silk Ties. Cut from a square, in a wide range of colour combinations. Each **6/6**
Three ties in gift box for **18/6**
Large Shape. Each **8/6.** *Three ties in gift box for* **24/6**

(MT8) Leather Golf Jacket. Soft pliable skins with wool panel collar and wool cuffs. Brown only. Sizes 36 to 46 ins. chest. **50/-**

(MS9) Initial Silk Handkerchiefs. White crêpe silk, with hand-embroidered cut-out initial. Each **9/6**
Also (MS9a) black and white borders and hand-rolled edges. Initial hand-embroidered. Each **5/6**

(MB10) Harrods Gladsonburys, luxurious sheepskin slippers with the wool left on. Leather soles and heels. In subdued shades of wine, blue or brown. Sizes 4 to men's 12. Pair **14/9**

The Man's Shop
HARRODS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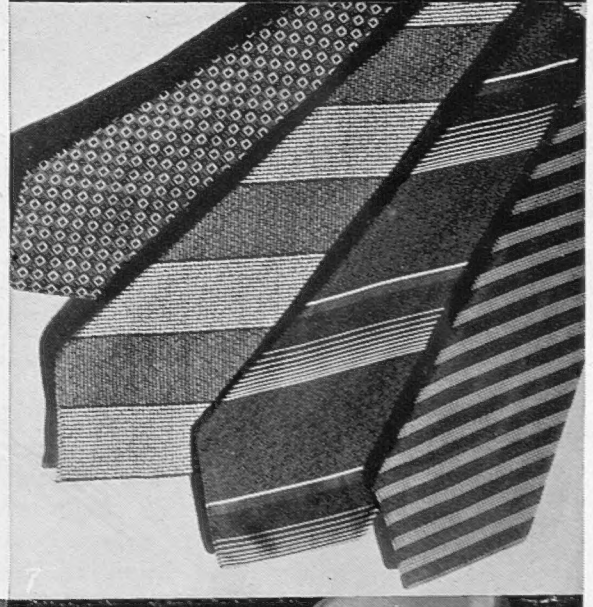
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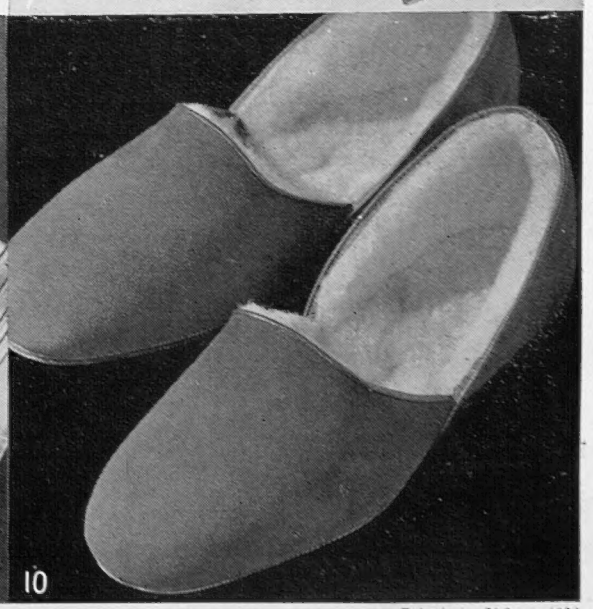
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The approach of Christmas emphasizes the plight of thousands of Britain's poor. Their outlook is bleak, promising little of the happiness and good things which are usually part of the festive season.

Last Christmas over 75,000 were entertained and 5,000 kiddies received toys and presents.

This Year our hands are tied! WILL YOU HELP?

Your own Christmas will be happier for it! Send a donation to—
GENERAL EVANGELINE BOOTH, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. 4

The Salvation Army

CHRISTMAS KINDNESS

CHRISTMASTIDE is the season when the hearts of men are specially open to the claims of little children, and we shall soon be hearing the familiar story of the Holy Babe—the helpless Child who came on earth and found no shelter in the inn. So it is at this season that **Dr. Barnardo's Homes** send out their special appeal to lovers of little children. Times are unsettled for everyone. There are few who have not had to make some sacrifice, who have not some anxiety for the future. But in good times and bad Dr. Barnardo's Homes never say "No" to a destitute child. Little hands are stretched out in supplication and the need for help seems never to grow less. Our blessed Lord came to the earth a little child. He shared their griefs and sorrows. Will you, for His sake, see what you can do towards the welfare of the 8,200 needy little children in Dr. Barnardo's Homes? Through His help, the Ever-Open Doors of these great Homes have never shut on a destitute child. No, not in seventy-two years! The Charter, "No Destitute Child Ever Refused Admission," has been the means of rescuing over 122,500 shattered little lives and placing them on the way to honest citizenship. Perhaps you would like to express your practical sympathy with this work by providing Christmas dinner for twenty Barnardo children, a joy that can be yours for the simple sum of 10s. Cheques, etc., should be crossed and sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

* * * *

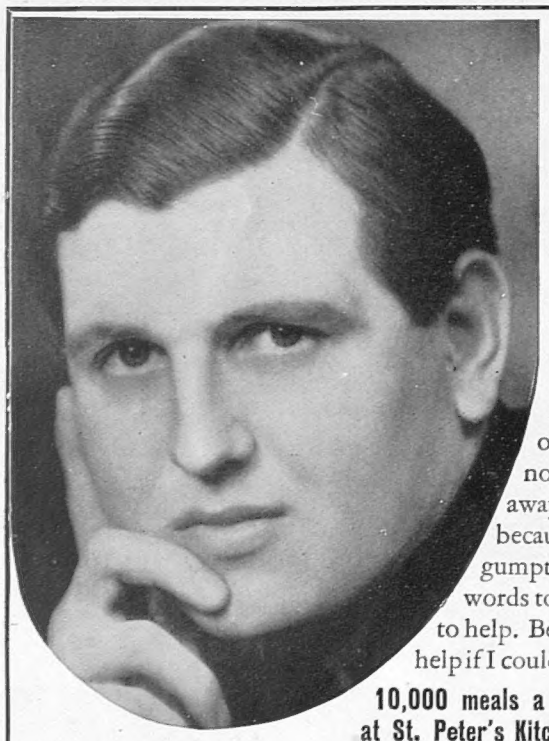
The **St. Peter's Kitchens,** of which the President is the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, is open every day of the week to help the man or woman who has fallen on hard times. Whilst their main work is the supplying of some 400 free hot meals a night, there are many ways in which they are able to alleviate the lot of the destitute man in his search for work. Their Employment Office is open all day and has found many hundreds of jobs for men who, without their help, would still be unemployed. Naturally, the bulk of their work is during the winter months, and it is for this reason that their appeal for funds is so urgent at the present moment. Cheques sent to the President, 3, St. George Street, Hanover Square, W.1, and made payable to St. Peter's Kitchens, will be gratefully acknowledged.

* * * *

In many homes and foreign ports our men of the sea are reminded by the Institutes and Hostels of the **British Sailors' Society** that they are not "out of sight, out of mind." Their home folk are still thinking of them, and, through this society, providing them with the hospitality that makes a foreign port at Christmastide "just like home." Distressed sailors, sailors' widows and dependants, lighthouse keepers and lightship crews are also being helped. A donation to this cause will make your Christmas a happier one. The Right Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, hon. treasurer, British Sailors' Society, 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14, will gladly welcome Christmas gifts.

* * * *

It is said that happiness cannot be bought, but, like many others, this adage is only partly true. You can buy happiness, and buy it cheaply. 10s. will buy 14 lbs. of unbelievable happiness in the shape of a Christmas parcel for a poor family. The **Church Army** was able to give Christmas joy to thousands of very poor families last year, and with your help it hopes to give thousands more a good time



Yes, I am Worried!

and so would you be, if you had the destiny of 400 on your hands and didn't know what to do. We can't find the money to keep St. Peter's Kitchens open; on the other hand, we're not going to send 400 men away hungry every night because I haven't got the gumption to say just the right words to make you feel you want to help. Because I know you would help if I could ask you in the right way

10,000 meals a month are given away at St. Peter's Kitchens in Garrick Street.

Bed tickets, first-aid, washing facilities, employment, in fact everything that we are able to do to put a man on his feet once he has fallen into destitution. Young, middle-aged and old, some through their own fault, but the majority through circumstances beyond their control.

How can I best ask you to understand how urgent and imperative it is to send help to St. Peter's Kitchens. 400 men to feed every night and I am stumped for the right words in which to appeal to your generosity.

No, we're not going to close and you are going to put us on your shopping list this Christmas for a small cheque so that we can continue our work. You will, won't you?

I shall tell the men that I think you're going to send us a cheque and they will believe me, and please, I don't want to have to go and tell them that I was wrong and that you didn't send us that cheque and "I'm sorry old fellow there's nothing for you to-night." No, I can't believe that you will make me say that—not at Christmas. No, I'm sure you won't!

Cheques should be made payable to St. Peter's Kitchens, and sent to the President, The Countess of Oxford and Asquith, St. Peter's Kitchens, 3, St. George Street, London, W.1

4,800 BABIES, CRIPPLES, BOYS AND GIRLS NOW IN OUR CARE

1'- will provide a Christmas stocking

2'6 will purchase a pudding

5'- will feed a child for one week

£1 will provide a CHRISTMAS DINNER for 20 children

WILL YOU BE THEIR SANTA CLAUS?

42,000 CHILDREN ALREADY PROVIDED FOR

The Smallest GIFT Gratefully received by The Secretary

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY
KENNINGTON LONDON S.E.11.

Some Charities Worthy of Support

this Christmas. Will you think of yourself as giving a personal Christmas present to a family so poor that without your help they would have the kind of Christmas you would not like to have, then send your gift to the Church Army and they will do the rest. £5 would send parcels to ten poor families. Please send to Prebendary Carlile, C.H., D.D., the Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

* * * *

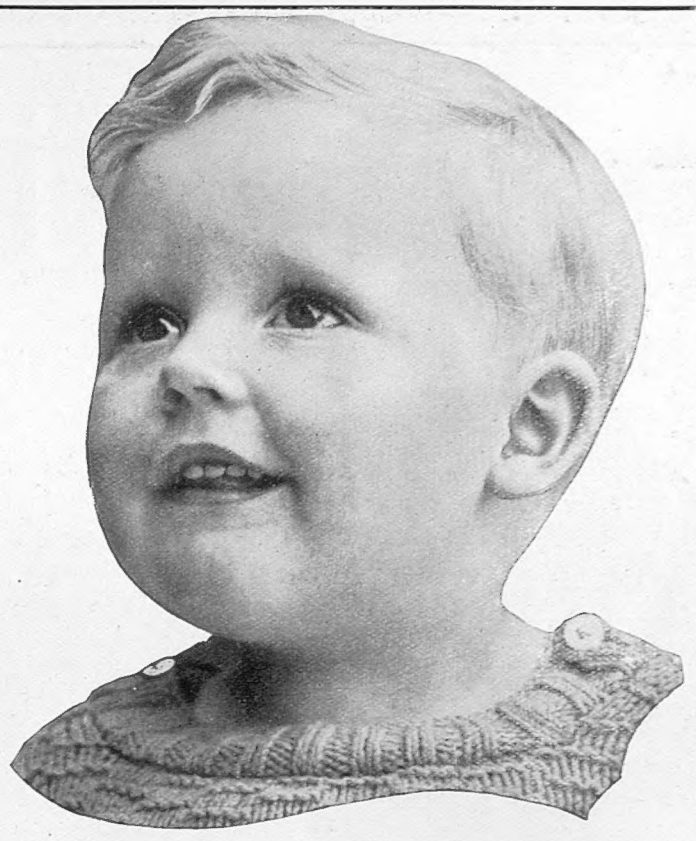
More than 85,000 men, women and children will spend their Christmas Day under the roof of the **Salvation Army** in the ninety-five countries and colonies in which it is at work. That number does not represent the whole of the Christmas festivities, for many hundreds of thousands of parcels will be distributed to the needy. In Great Britain nearly 10,000 will join in the good things provided by the Army at the various Institutions throughout the country. Christmas is always marked by the Salvation Army with seasonable rejoicings as befits the advent of the Prince of Peace, and there is always a little extra in the way of good things for its guests. Last year, in addition to the residents in the Homes and Centres, 50,000 women and children were given a Christmas tea and suitable presents in London alone. It is hoped that this year even more may be done, but the Army depends on the generosity of its friends, for it is but the almoner of their bounty. Donations should be sent to General Evangeline Booth, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

* * * *

Charles at eight years old can neither read nor write. Under-nourished, nervous, uncared for, he was absolutely unwanted—until the **Waifs and Strays Society** heard of his plight, and this year he will spend his first really happy Christmas in one of their Homes. His will be just one of nearly 5,000 stockings which the Society will have to fill on Christmas Eve. The Society's large family is scattered all over the country in small homes or boarded-out. At least three children every day come under its care, and no destitute child is ever turned away. It is at present caring for 100 more children than at this time last year. Nearly 500 of the children in the Society's Homes are crippled, and special Hospital Homes are provided for them where they are made straight and strong by sun-ray and expert surgical treatment.

* * * *

Acting on the principle that the noblest charity is to enable a man to dispense with charity, the **Winter Distress League** seeks first and foremost to provide practical and useful employment which does not divert work from normal channels. Next, the League helps men to take up a definite job when at long last one comes their way. Those whose resources have been drained through long unemployment are often unable to get their tools out of pawn or procure decent clothing, and because of some such small necessity have to watch their chances go past them. In such cases—and they are many—the League does whatever is necessary and frequently finds that a few shillings suffice to re-establish a family in independence. In addition, the League sends children of unemployed parents to country cottage homes for sufficiently long periods to enable them to regain not only their spirits (a rapid process) but also their undermined health and strength, obviously an important asset, not only for the little people themselves, but also for the Empire of which they are citizens. Donations may be sent to the Winter Distress League, 23, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.



FATHERS, MOTHERS, UNCLES, AUNTS,

and everyone interested in children, *please* remember to post a contribution towards the CHRISTMAS HAPPINESS of 8,200 boys and girls in

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

of **10/-** or of any amount would be most acceptable.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable Dr. Barnardo's Homes, should be sent to 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

OUR SAILORS *share Christmas too!*

AWAY FROM HOME in ports all over the world, Sailors will share the goodwill of the festive season through the British Sailors' Society Homes and Hostels. Sailors' widows and dependants, lighthouse crews, too, will be remembered.

These world-wide Parties have become a tradition. This year is the 120th Sailors' Society Christmas.

Please give Jack a happy Christmas through the

BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

Kindly send a gift to the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, 680 Commercial Rd., London, E.14. (Herbert E. Barker, General Secretary.)

Please help us to help such as these.

WORK not CHARITY

In sixteen seasons the League has definitely enabled 16,519 men to take up work, in addition to employing 2,708 itself on special constructive schemes of its own.

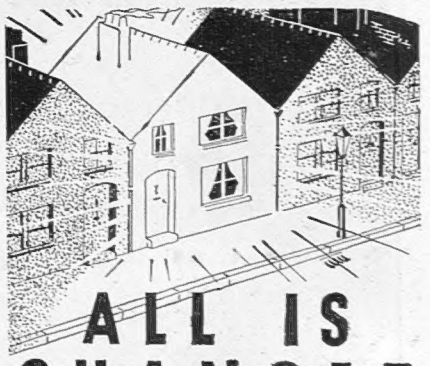
We guarantee that all money sent in direct response to this advertisement will be wholly expended in wages.

YOUR CONTRIBUTION, however small, will be gratefully received by:

The Lord Luke, Chairman,

Winter Distress League, 23 Bedford Row, London, W.C. 1.

Tel.: Chancery 7140.



ALL IS CHANGED

In this home there was little hope of any Christmas celebration beyond last year's tinsel, and a few sweets for the children. But now, all is changed. They are on the Church Army Parcel List, which means that Christmas for them will indeed be Christmas. The Church Army hopes that thousands of other needy homes will have Christmas Parcels—but only your help can fulfil this hope.

£5 would mean ten Parcels. Ten Parcels would mean a Happy Christmas for ten poor families. Please send a gift now to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W. 1.

CHURCH ARMY

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES 1938

Certain of a good reception

. . . A CHRISTMAS CASE OF

VAT 69

SCOTCH WHISKY

Attractively packed for Christmas in cases of

2 BOTTLES
3 BOTTLES
6 BOTTLES
12 BOTTLES

There's no doubting the reception that awaits a conveniently packed case of VAT 69 Scotch Whisky. It's the ideal Christmas Gift.

Sanderson's

LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

C.F.H.

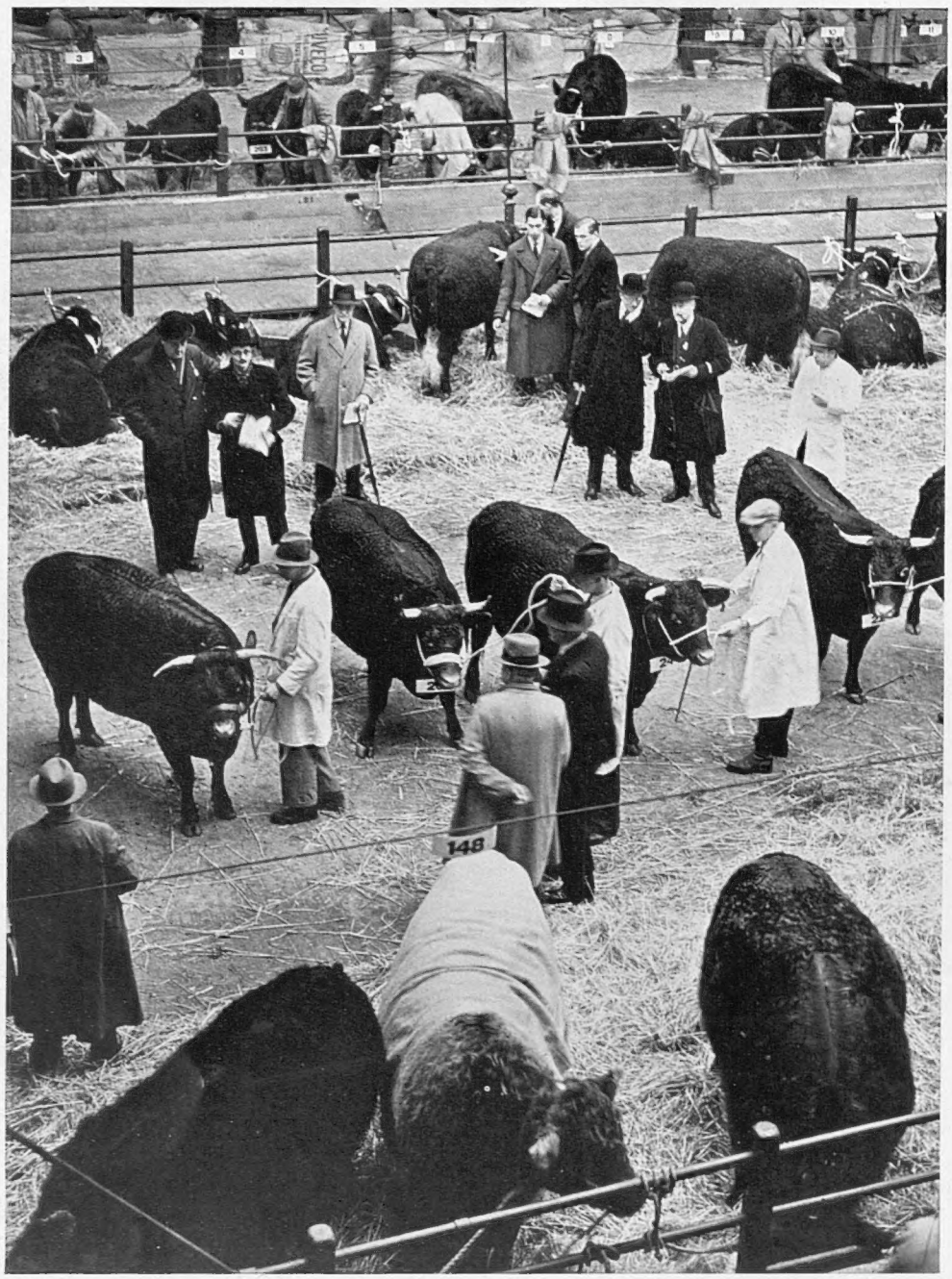
THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, December 10, 1938

WINTER COMES TO NEW YORK

Snowballing in Central Park Following An Unusually Early Fall: An 1898 Record Equalled

While London has been enjoying weather notably mild for the time of year, New York has lain under a heavy mantle of snow, which has brought an unaccustomed hush to the usually bustling Manhattan area. Buses and taxicabs have been forced to travel at a walking pace, tram services have been interrupted, and some enterprising folk have actually brought out their antiquated horse-sleighs, being seen manœuvring expertly among the modern streamlined motor cars. Not since 1898 has the New York metropolitan area experienced a snowfall of such an extent so early in the winter, and in the eastern states a hundred deaths are said to have resulted from the intense cold. New York's workless have reason to be grateful, however, for 40,000 of them have been employed with pick and shovel to clear the highways

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.



THE COUNTRY COMES TO TOWN: Judging in progress at the Smithfield Club's show which opened last Monday, the competition being unusually keen in many classes. The show also brought more honours to the Aberdeen-Angus, both the champion and the reserve champion being of that breed

A LONDON NE

32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

Wednesday, December 7, 1938.

FRANCE'S CRISIS.—M. Blum, the unions, the Communists, and Socialists of M. Blum's group, in disregard of the critical plight of their country, entered the lists against M. Daladier—and were bowled over last week in very clear-cut fashion. The nation at the last moment rallied to the Premier and the banner of sanity, and the Government's strong policy won the day. It gives us a gleam of hope. It is eleven months since Paris last staged a general strike. One such collapsed on December 30, 1937, after a single day. It must have struck most Englishmen that M. Reynaud's and M. Daladier's words of warning to the nation and M. Lebrun's execution of a decree militarising the railway systems were neither of them too strong meat. We have stuck to France through thick and thin and there are thousands of Englishmen of good will and good sense who consider that it has been an unequal partnership and has cost us dear. The trades unions of France and some of her party organisations have in our opinion time and again put their country and their obligations to democracy second and their immediate political, party and other aims first. And to-day the State of France seems perilous in the extreme. If M. Reynaud declared that the existence of France was at stake, no one in England was inclined to quarrel with his words. M. Blum is in his way a counterpart of Mr. Chamberlain's bitterest critics. Against him as against Mr. Chamberlain's critics one may advance the criticism that opposition is mere treachery where those who oppose can offer nothing whatever as alternative policy. Economically and politically, France's very existence is at stake, and while both England and France have wasted vital months during which some measure of our defence gaps might have been filled, we at least have been in a happier economic condition to do something to set in order our vulnerable house. There is only one argument to which dictators attend and that is preparedness against war. The logic and realism of the French nation are for ever being rammed down our throats as a corrective to British pride. We begin to wonder if those qualities have failed our allies and friends.

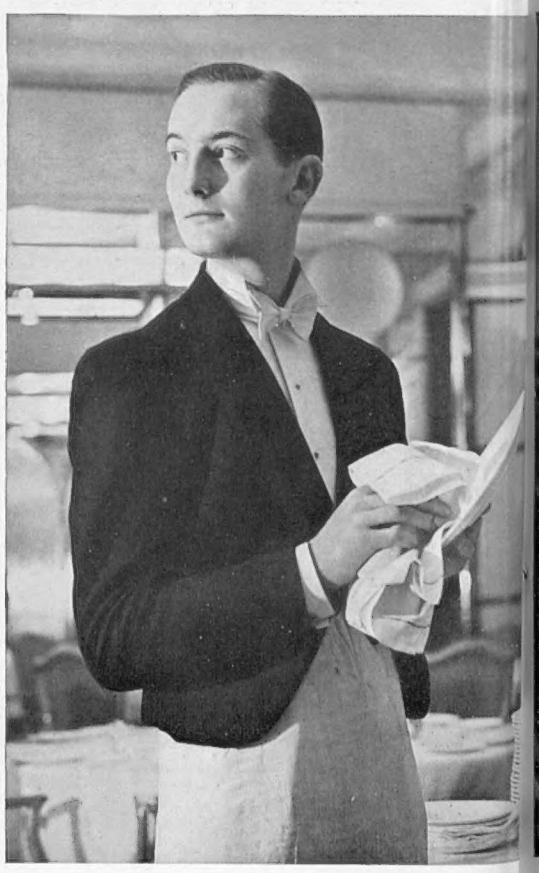
TESTING THE VOLUNTARY SPIRIT.—Sir John Anderson, our new minister in charge of passive defence, has worked quickly and on broader lines than those who tried their hands before him. In the beginning of the new year the nation will begin to be tested for its willingness to offer voluntary service to its country. Every household is to receive a handbook giving particulars of every form of service in time of danger and a list of the qualifications required for each. This handbook is on the lines of the questionnaire recently sent out to applicants for the Officers' Emergency Reserve. Many recipients will find that they are already *at their war stations*. People above a certain age now employed in skilled trades and professions, the importance of which only increase in time of national danger, will pay no heed to the handbook. For them the earmarking and training for their war work is already arranged. The rest of us will have to read the handbook carefully and try to fit our qualifications into the proper hole. Then we shall offer our services, and the extent of the response will decide the extent of the recruiting drive to follow. Anything like a compulsory national register now has been ruled out on grounds which, explained, seem convincing. Such a register would, without elaborate and very expensive machinery to keep it up to date, be a "dead" register in twelve months. But, with the machinery of the next census, the preparation of a compulsory register in time of war is to be made possible in a period of three weeks instead of six months. Is that enough to satisfy the critics of the Government on the score of dallying with defence? Those critics who (as *The Times* said) felt that the Government should have struck while the iron of relief over Munich was hot and called at once for national organisation and training. Now as regards that saying, I am frankly puzzled. When I examine my reactions immediately after Munich, I am perfectly clear that my mind was tuned above all to instant efforts towards appeasement in Europe.

THE INSOLUBLE PUZZLE.—In the democratic countries there are many loud voices expressing opposing views. Some of us think that these strident voices do not make in any way for European appeasement. Yet, to make our confusion worse confounded, we observe a common ground of agreement among all discordant elements. By common consent, the governments in power regarded as the first essential after concluding with Germany a pact to outlaw war between their country and Germany the pressing on of instant measures to prepare against attack. That was Mr. Chamberlain's first action after Munich. That is also M. Daladier's. On her eastern border we assume France does not expect an unprovoked assault from Belgium or Switzerland. The only other neighbour is Germany. France has just concluded a pact, on the lines of the Munich "rider" pact, with Germany, expressing a mutual resolve not to go to war each with the other. To us the first logical step to follow such pacts seemed at the time the immediate and sympathetic exploration of avenues to develop such pacts, efforts to curtail armaments, to reduce the field and range of aerial bombardment, anything and everything in the direction of appeasement and sanity. We heard of none of these projects. We heard only of intensified efforts to prepare for defence against German attacks, by land and by air, military co-operation, measures to protect civilians and so on. The public is quite persuaded of the urgency of these measures by the clear lead of its governments. The mystery remains—unsolved. What value did Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier put upon these hardly-won scraps of paper on which they sometimes congratulate themselves and us?

TROUBLE AGAIN FOR KING CAROL.—Sooner than expected, trouble bobbed up again in Rumania. It is rare that prophecy is so soon fulfilled, especially when it is made on slender knowledge of fact. King Carol had hardly received his triumph after his return from his foreign visits bringing his economic sheaves with him, when serious trouble from the suppressed Iron Guard or Fascist opposition broke out. Details are still lacking. The facts revealed show that the Iron Guard leader, Codreanu, and thirteen of his followers, who were serving sentences of imprisonment, were shot dead last week in an effort to escape. They were being transferred in an open prison lorry from one prison to another when their cortege was ambushed by Iron Guard rescuers. The imprisoned men broke away but all were shot dead (and buried the same day) while trying to escape. The partial story makes disagreeable reading. Clearly the rescue attempt was carefully planned. Clearly the Iron Guard had been by no means crushed or cowed, at least until the failure of this attempt which may have been the key move to a large-scale reaction against King Carol's dictatorial rule. The plot was hatched when "the cat was away." The cat has returned and shown his claws and the strongest measures to kill the scotched snake are likely now to follow. It is to be hoped that reprisals may not include a Jewish pogrom. The Jews nowadays are generally the first victims to suffer for political movements, under whatever political banner.

A "POPULAR FRONT."—A "popular front" for Britain has been the subject of much gossip and speculation recently. It seems to have little substance in the realm of practical politics. Our party and present political systems have in them much to criticise, but nothing we have seen of "popular

A BARON'S GRANDSON WASHES DISHES



This is John Fane, grandson of Lord Clinton, who is working in the Berkeley Hotel, Mayfair, having decided to take up a career in the hotel business and to start at the bottom of the ladder. He has to wash dishes and wait at table, all for a wage of 7s. a week—and tips

WSLETTER By THE OLD STAGER

fronts" in other countries has persuaded us that there would be a useful or happy line of reform. A "popular front" for Britain must be built up on the support of the Labour Party, and that support has been refused, by re-affirmation of the Socialists' determination to stand alone. Socialism does not think it would stand to gain in the long run by alliances with the malcontents of other parties. They do not want to pay for support from outside parties for some of their own candidates by supporting independent Conservatives or Liberals. If they desired a closer alliance with the Communists, the Socialists might listen to the blandishments of the "popular front" supporters. But they don't want that, either. And who are these P. F. supporters? Those whose names are most often connected with the movement in gossip seem to be by no means of one mind in the House. As *The Times* has pointed out, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden do not see eye to eye on the Supply Ministry question. Mr. Eden is, still, more orthodox than Mr. Churchill, whose intransigence sometimes embarrasses him, while his own attitude towards the Government remains temporising. And Sir Archibald Sinclair does not seem to have anything to show in the way of policy which can be described as concrete or consistent beyond a blind determination to oppose and criticise with moral platitude anything and everything the Government may do or propose. And in this muddled and unhelpful creed he does not carry the support of a number of sound Opposition Liberals. It seems, therefore, pretty certain that there will be in England no substantial "popular front" movement until two things have happened to bring the bulk of Mr. Chamberlain's critics of whatever colour under one flag and into one camp. They are: until time has proved that Mr. Chamberlain's declared foreign policy of defence and appeasement has failed to make progress *and* any sort of alternative foreign policy can be invented and commonly embraced by the critics of his government.

ROAD AND RAIL. — The "fair deal for the railways" issue is raging and only experts can usefully intervene pro or con. It may, however, be topical, if not apt or helpful, if an ignoramus makes a note of some of the motive forces which may induce him in his ignorance of technicalities to side with the railways. One undoubtedly is the fact that the railways as means of transport for heavy freight came *first*. That is, they came before motor lorries if *after* the heavy eight-horse waggons with their foot-wide tyres, and after the river and canal barges. Because the railways came first, their stocks and debentures form a larger part of the investments of British citizens and the decline of the railways hits the pocket of the man in the street far harder than if it were vice versa. The preference stocks and debentures of the railway companies are the baskets which contain the nest eggs of widows and orphans, who now see the bottoms falling out of those baskets. And again, with our road system as it is at present, road transport for freight is definitely unpopular. We dread our meetings with heavy lorries on our unsuitable roads, we regard these vehicles as eyesores and dangers, and we are apprehensive of road transport development. These motive forces exist and, I agree, are not at all just towards road transport, which is in the main well conducted under unfavourable conditions beyond its control. But they account, I doubt not, for a great deal of the favour extended to the railways' case. It is still a common belief that the permanent way is the proper and at present the only suitable route for transporting heavy freight.

FROM KINGSWAY TO MAYFAIR: Unloading in progress at Berkeley Square House, the £1,000,000 office block to which the Air Ministry is now being moved. It was announced some time ago that the Ministry would occupy part of the giant government building planned in Whitehall, but as the latter is only in the site-clearing stage a different arrangement has had to be made, for air expansion has necessitated the employment of a much larger staff and the Kingsway offices have for months past been inadequate

A DUKE'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW AIDS LONDON CHARITY

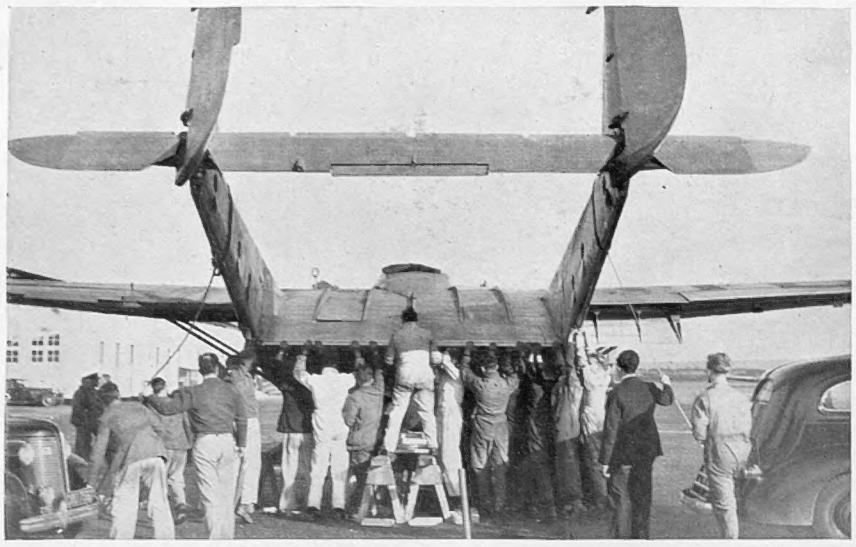
Lady David Douglas-Hamilton, who, before her marriage to the Duke of Hamilton's fourth son, was Prunella Stack, seen as she made a purchase after opening the Animal Defence Society's Christmas sale in St. James's Place. Their marriage, it may be remembered, brought some 1,500 people to Glasgow Cathedral, including members of the League of Health and Beauty

FIRE AT DUNVEGAN.—I read with sorrow of the serious fire at Dunvegan on the rocky coast of Skye. In its 1,000 years of history as the home of the MacLeods it has doubtless known the ravages of fire before. Yet to look at it from outside it would appear to laugh at fire, so grey and solid and damp seem its stones. But it is otherwise within. Of many styles, there is much woodwork and inflammable material and for five hours the flames seem to have had their will with the south wing until willing hands plying a bucket chain put them out. One hopes that other treasures besides the fairy flag escaped. He must have been a bold man who carried that little bit of cobweb out into the winds. It looks as if a breath would blow it to dust. Other treasures which I remember to have been shown by old MacLeod (brother of the late Sir Reginald, 24th chieftain, and uncle of Mrs. Flora MacLeod, the present owner) were Doctor Johnson's "Collins" after his visit during his tour of the Hebrides, very interesting relics of old life on St. Kilda, once owned by the MacLeods, and a mass of valuable china, together with relics of Charles Edward and Flora MacDonald, and some beautiful pictures including a Raeburn with a romantic history. I hope and trust all were spared and that the damage may be repaired. For all over the Empire MacLeods and men of Skye live and remember the Misty Isle and "in dreams behold the Hebrides."

CLUBLAND'S CINEMA.—Clubland, like Mayfair, is to have its own cinema, its Curzon. The "Paris," as it will be called, is to rise on the site of that congeries of shop-fronts, 4-12 Regent Street, and is to be ready in February. Of late it has presented the appearance of a temporary amusement park with a constantly changing variety of peep-shows. The new cinema will be on Curzon lines and under the same management. It will seat 600 on the same level and prices will be moderate, 2s. 6d.—6s. It is designed to catch the intelligentsia (like you and me) and will show new and approved foreign films of which it believes there are plenty. It will suit me, for I like comfort, simplicity, ease of access and, I confess it, intelligent foreign films. Somehow, with foreign films one does not so easily spot the inevitable lapses from truth and taste which spring easier to the eye with films of English-speaking nationalities.

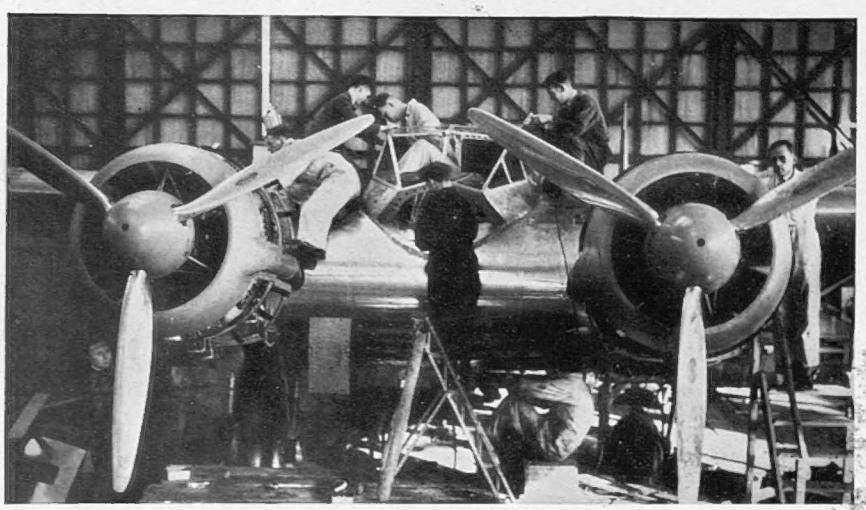
THE STUARTS.—According to Sir Lionel Cust, there was nothing romantic about the Stuarts until Vandyck began to paint them. If other Dutchmen had had the monopoly of painting Charles I, no spark of romance would ever have invested his name or his son's or Monmouth's or Charles Edward's. Charles I would have remained the heavy boy and the dreary youth of Van Somer and of Mytens and the romance of the Stuarts (if not their fatality) had died stillborn. This is a hard saying. Romance (which is now dead) was always suspect. It was Time, throwing dust in the eyes of Posterity; and of course nowadays, what with stored films and voice records, that dust doesn't exist. There would be nothing romantic about Culloden if you could see the film of the battle from the old records stored at your favourite cinema; for Romance is based on historical inaccuracy in large part. Still, it is a hard saying, for grace and beauty of face were not the only creators of romance. Adventure and hair-breadth escape were romantic agencies, too. Monmouth and Charles Edward *were* beautiful youths, whoever painted them and how so ever idealistically. But old Rowley, who was as ugly a devil as ever walked, was romantic, too, for his adventures, but no painter ever made him a prince of fairy tale in portraiture.

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF HOME AND FOREIGN



THE "FLYING WING" MAKES ITS BOW: This experimental monoplane, seen undergoing ground tests at Southampton airport, has a number of quite unusual features, the most remarkable being the absence of a fuselage, the passenger cabin occupying, instead, the thickened main portion of the giant wing span. The tail unit, which would normally be attached to the fuselage, connects with two long booms and, as a result, the machine is said to have a lifting capacity considerably in excess of more orthodox designs

HERR HESS STARTS THE NEW PUBLIC WORKS PROGRAMME IN SUDETENLAND: Chancellor Hitler's deputy standing beside District Leader Henlein (right foreground) when he visited Elger to inaugurate the construction of the first of a series of motor roads which will link Bavaria and Saxony with the new territory



THE PLANE WITHOUT A FUSELAGE: Men putting the finishing touches to the new *Flying Wing* monoplane at the Cunliffe-Owen Aircraft Works, Southampton airport. The machine has two Bristol Perseus sleeve-valve radial air-cooled engines giving a top speed of 235 m.p.h., while the range will be in the neighbourhood of 2,000 miles

BAIT FOR VOTERS: Citizens looking at anti-Communist and anti-Jewish posters at Fischern, near Karlsbad, during the elections in Sudetenland when the people were asked to endorse Herr Hitler's policy and elect members to the Reichstag. Out of an electorate of 2,532,863, the number of "Yes" votes cast was 2,464,681, while 27,427 persons had the temerity to vote "No." German commentators point proudly to the result, asserting that it is an answer to the democracies

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ these cadets knelt in the courtyard of the Hotel des Invalides, Paris, outside the tomb of Napoleon, and were initiated as members of St. Cyr Military Academy—the Sandhurst of the French Army

DENOUNCED: M. Leon Jouhaux, secretary-general of the General Confederation of Trade Unions, interviewed by a journalist as he left after a meeting of the Confederation at which delegates discussed the situation arising from the failure of the French general strike. M. Jouhaux has been personally attacked by Premier Daladier and has been deprived of his positions on public bodies, including his directorship of the Bank of France

DR. GOEBBELS CALLS FOR ALMS: The Reich Minister of Propaganda collecting in aid of the Winter Relief Fund in a Berlin street. All the big Nazi leaders assisted in the campaign

DISTRICT LEADER HENLEIN, former organiser of Nazi revolt in Czecho-Slovakia, receiving his voting badge in a polling booth at Reichenberg, Sudetenland, during the Reichstag elections

AFFAIRS : Daladier Attacks a Union Leader : Elections in Sudetenland : The German and French Foreign Ministers Sign "No War" Declaration

POLITICAL PARADOX: While German Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop and French Foreign Minister Bonnet sat together at a table at the Quai d'Orsay on Tuesday and signed a "No-War Declaration" between their respective countries, the German Press, bearing the marks of official inspiration, burst forth in a violent attack against France and gave its approval to the scene in the Italian Chamber last week, when deputies cried for the "return" of Tunis, Nice, and Corsica

FOREST FIRES RAVAGE THE LOS ANGELES REGION: A hillside ablaze in the Santa Monica range, California, where there has been heavy damage of recent weeks as a result of a number of such conflagrations. Meanwhile, on America's eastern seaboard, 3,000 miles across the continent, snow, ice, and bitter cold have held the cities in their grip, as witness the frontispiece of this issue

REFUGEES AT HARWICH

ORPHANS OF THE GERMAN STORM ARRIVE IN ENGLAND: An official examining the identification tags on young non-Aryan refugees as they landed at Harwich on December 2 from the L.N.E.R. steamer *Prague*. They belonged to the first batch of 5,000 children who are being found immediate refuge in England. About one hundred of them have come from an orphanage burnt down in Berlin during the recent pogrom

THEIR FIRST MEAL ON BRITISH SOIL: Members of the party of 200 German children —the initial batch of the 5,000 being found immediate refuge in this country—having breakfast at the holiday camp at Dovercourt Bay, near Harwich, where they are being cared for by a committee until homes have been found for them with British families. They have been permitted to enter England without the usually essential visas

ON THE THRESHOLD OF A NEW WORLD: Young German-Jewish refugees waiting the order to land on arrival at Harwich in the L.N.E.R. steamer *Prague*. From Parkeston Quay the children were taken in buses to the camp at Dovercourt Bay, where a meal awaited them. A few of the youths surprised the staff by appearing from their huts in bathing costumes and plunging into the open-air swimming pool before breakfast

ITALY CASTS HER EYES

Sights and Scenes in the North African Colony which France Took by

HONOURED IN TUNISIAN ANNALS: In the city of Tunis stands this statue of Cardinal Lavigerie (1825–1892), Archbishop of Carthage and Algiers and Primate of Africa during the early days of the French occupation of Tunis. His missionary activity there so raised the prestige of France that it drew from Gambetta the celebrated declaration, "L'Anti-clericalisme n'est pas un article d'exportation." One of Lavigerie's great ambitions was to organise "a fraternity of armed laymen as pioneers to restore fertility to the Sahara"

GUARDIANS OF THE SOUTH-EASTERN BORDER: French troops marching through Medenine, an important centre situated about 50 miles from the frontier between French Tunisia and Italian Libya. In view of the recent declarations emanating from Rome as regards her aspirations in Tunis, this region has come right into the news. The French army of occupation at present consists of 25,000 men, not including the native regiments (tirailleurs and spahis)

MODERN, CONCRETE BUILDINGS IN SFAX, second most important town of Tunisia, where the French have expended big sums of recent years and the prosperity of which derives from the phosphate industry. The bombardment of Sfax in 1881 was one of the principal events of the French conquest, which was carried out in face of the fact that Italy had already staked a large claim in the land

FRENCH ARCHITECTURE IN SFAX, the town in which the colonists encountered greatest opposition when they struggled against the Muslims. Sfax was seriously damaged by shell fire

When Italian Foreign Minister Count Ciano referred in the Chamber of Deputies last week to Italy's "natural aspirations," and the assembled legislators responded with cries to the effect, "We want Tunis," yet another problem loomed large in a troubled world. This problem really dates from 1862, when Italy began to spend large sums on development on the North African shore. She opened roads, bought the railway and extended it, established trading posts, and began, indeed, to think of North Africa in terms of Empire.

Italy, however, reckoned without Bismarck, who, realising that "a nation brooding is a nation dangerous," looked round for some distraction which would keep the French busy, away from his preserves. So, to quote the words of Graham Alletson in a recent Evening Standard *article, "Bismarck whispered in the ear of France. England was growing great. The world was being parcelled out. Germany had no need of colonies, but France had. And she had better act while there was time. Strike now!*

"France struck. And one day in 1881 Italy awoke to find a different tricolour waving over Tunisia, French troops in occupation, all the Italians and near-Italians living there changed overnight into French citizens. And Italy has not forgotten. Especially has she not forgotten that Tunisia is rich in the things she lacks—phosphates, zinc, lead, iron ore, lignites." This then is the cause of the tension, and the following notes, giving an eye-witness impression of Tunisia to-day, further amplify the situation.

MY first contact with the question of the Italians in Tunisia occurred on board the French steamer taking me to Tunis. There were four of us at table in the saloon—two Frenchmen, an American and myself. The conversation at the first meal turned on Italian activity in the Mediterranean in general, and particularly in Tunis.

"If we don't put a stop to it soon," said one of the Frenchmen, "we shall find ourselves kicked out of our own house. The trouble is we've been

BRINGING THEM UP IN THE FASCIST IDEA: many maintained with funds supplied by local Ita

AGAIN ON RICH TUNISIA

Surprise in 1881 but which Still Possesses a Big Italian Population

MEMBERS OF THE ITALIAN COLONY standing on the quayside at the port of Tunis as they bade good-bye to friends who were leaving for Italy on a holiday at the expense of the Fascist Government. Under the 1931 census it was revealed that there were almost exactly the same number of Italians living in Tunisia as there were Frenchmen. It is partly for this reason that the Italian Press has been able to put forward its claims with such confidence

VIVA IL DUCE: Italian propaganda on a wall in the city of Tunis where Italians now outnumber the French, there being 46,000 of the former and 33,000 of the latter, according to the last census. Feeling between the two elements has run high for a long while past and the Italians have been very thoroughly organised through their societies which are under the patronage of Rome

formed children at an Italian school in Tunis, one of societies or else directly from the government in Rome

far too lenient. No one but the French would have allowed them to get away with so much. We ought to show them we're the masters.

"*Alors, c'est la guerre*," remarked the other Frenchman.

"Nonsense. What can they do? Since we built its 'Maginot Line' Tunisia is impregnable."

SYMBOL OF SOVEREIGNTY: This is the throne of Sidi Ahmed, Bey of Tunis, whose family has reigned in the country since 1705, when Hussein Ben Ali, commonly believed to have been a native of Crete, made himself master of the land under the suzerainty of the Sultan of Turkey, Tunis being at that time essentially a pirate state which was constantly at loggerheads with neighbouring Algiers. Following the French invasion of Tunis in the spring of 1881, the Bey, by signing the Treaty of Bardo, recognised the protectorate of France, and since then the leadership of the royal house has been largely nominal

On landing at Tunis my Italian name excited the suspicions of the French immigration official, though he had been warned of my arrival. After scrutinising my passport gloomily, he stamped it with a grunt, then wrote on it the words "*ne pourra occuper aucun emploi en Tunisie*."

According to French statistics there are 94,000 Italian subjects in Tunisia as against 108,000 French. The Italians claim to have 130,000 registered at their Consulate-General and another 20,000 non-registered. They also point out that of the French only a fraction are French born, the rest being naturalised Arabs, Maltese, Italians, etc.

Recently, owing partly to fear of having to fight for Italy, and partly to Signor Mussolini's anti-Semitic policy, there has been a marked increase in Italian applications for French citizenship. For other reasons, too, the French population is growing faster than the Italian.

That the Italian demands would come sooner or later was fully anticipated in Tunis when I was there in the spring. The Italians would not specify exactly what they wanted. Their line was: something must happen here soon, we cannot go on being suffocated by the French.

In Tunis itself there was no outward sign of tension. This, however, was due to the measures taken by the French in the interests of public order. They included the banning of Fascist uniforms and demonstrations, but no attempt was made to curtail Italian propaganda unless it actually disturbed the peace.

This propaganda took the form of violent anti-French (and anti-British) articles in the local Italian and Arab Press, and of ceaseless regimentation of the Italian colony by means of meetings and lectures, Fascist clubs, charity balls, and so on.

There was also in the main street of Tunis a subsidised cinema which specialised in news reels

(*Continued on page 420*)

THE ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT MOSQUE IN TUNIS CITY beyond which no person of another faith may pass. The notice board on the left contains an intimation in several languages

PRESERVING "ITALIANATA"

Some Impressions of Modern Tunis

(*Continued from page* 419)

glorifying the new Italy. Shortly before my arrival it had had to be closed as a result of a riot in which a band of Fascists had attacked two Italian anti-Fascists.

Of the latter there are a small number who take an active part in politics, often at the risk of their lives. They have their own paper, which makes a point of disclosing the more underground activities of the Italian Consul-General. It was after their leader had been murdered by Italian sailors that the French took the steps which have so disturbed Italian policy. When I visited the present anti-Fascist leader I found him sitting behind locked doors, with a loaded stick on his table and a revolver in a drawer. A few days before, he had been attacked in the street, among his assailants being the editor of the principal Italian newspaper.

The centre of Fascist activity is the Italian Consulate-General, a fine building housing a staff of nearly 100. So many officials are required, not for the diplomatic representation of Italy, but for administering the Italian nationals in Tunisia. These people take their orders from their Consul-General, or his subordinates, just as Italians in Italy take their orders from the Prefect of their province.

It was not always so. In the early days of Fascism many of the colonists were anti-Fascist. But when the world slump came they were thrown out of work and it was the Consul-General who came to their aid with subsidies paid from Rome. Fascism thus gained a hold over the Italian community which it has never relaxed. By taking over the charitable institutions, ex-service men's associations, etc., and providing free schools and hospitals for the families of Italians, it has made the poorer of them more and more dependent on Italian official favour.

Members of the Italian consular staff would tell you that the agitation among their nationals was the spontaneous reaction to the French "repression." But this I found difficult to accept. Apart from the fact that the measures taken by the French administration were mostly adopted in self-defence after considerable provocation, the Italians in Tunis no more dare to express their own opinions than do the members of the Italian Chamber of Deputies who staged the "spontaneous" demonstration on November 30. Those who differ from the official party line are well known and registered and might well be in danger of reprisals should Tunisia ever change hands.

Conversations with the humbler type of Italian colonist did not reveal any violent desire to exchange French for Italian rule. When I questioned my Italian *femme de chambre* on the subject, her reply was: "The trouble here is there's too much politics. We Italians only want to live in peace with the French. As long as there is work for us here we are contented." I believe this was the attitude of many Italians who were represented as "groaning under the foreign yoke."

A large number of the Italian settlers are of the proletarian class, peasants or manual labourers. They compete with native labour and it is an Italian complaint that they are discriminated against by the French employer. The Fascists dislike the idea of white men being classed on the same level as Arabs. If they were in control, of course, this would not be the case. That is why they have resisted every attempt at fusion with the French community and make intensive efforts to preserve the *Italianatá* of their own nationals.

The centre of these efforts is the Italian schools, where 14,000 children are educated—most of them free. In addition, they are fetched from their homes, fed and, if necessary, clothed, and given medical attention. A tour of these schools which I made in company with the Italian Consul gave me an idea of the methods by which the future generation is fostered for the service of the motherland. On arrival at the first of them we were received by a guard of small boys dressed in the uniform of the *Fifli del Lupo*, "Sons of the Wolf," which is the youngest of the Fascist para-military organisations, and the only one tolerated in Tunis by the French. We then assisted at the ceremony of hoisting the Italian flag, which was followed by the singing of patriotic songs and a march past of the boys and girls. Finally, there was a display of drill by children with toy rifles.

Much of the social work done by the Italians for their people is admirable. But it has also a very obvious political motive whose nature seems now about to be revealed.

G. M.

THE TWENTY-ONE REPUBLICS MEET AT LIMA

Collective Security Against Military and Economic Invasion to Be Discussed by the Delegates During the Forthcoming Pan-American Conference : The Effects of German Bartering

THE twenty-one republics of the western hemisphere will meet at Lima on December 9 for their eighth regular Pan-American Conference at a time when the concept of Pan-Americanism is more nearly a reality than it has ever been in their history. The picturesque and sleepy Peruvian capital will act as host to the most interested collection of delegates the respective republics have gathered together in the fifty years that have elapsed since the Pan-American idea was first evolved. These men will have their own national rivalries and antipathies on their minds, but they will be conscious of their geographical community of interest as they have never been before.

All of this has some interest and meaning for Britain and for Europe. It is part of the re-grouping of the world's nations following the eclipse of the League of Nations.

Now, whether they like it or not, they must begin to place their trust in the undoubted desire of the United States, for that country's own self-interest, to protect them against aggression from Europe or Asia.

As recently as December, 1936, these same nations sent representatives to a special conference held at Buenos Aires on the suggestion of President Roosevelt. The gathering was called the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace, and its title was completely descriptive of its purpose. For the first time in many years, all the countries of the western hemisphere were at peace with each other.

The delegates showed themselves well disposed towards means of preventing war among the countries they represented. There were already in effect treaties of conciliation, mediation, and arbitration, although many of the republics had not ratified one or more of them. They had worked only fairly satisfactorily in the time they had been in existence. The conference seemed to feel that the peace machinery should be put in better running order.

The arguments began when threats to the peace from outside the Americas were discussed. There was little apprehension and little unity of purpose in those days before the bluster from Berchtesgaden had begun to be taken seriously in the outside world. The best that could be accomplished was a consultative pact which declared, among other things, that a threat to the peace of any of the republics, from within America or without, was a threat to the peace of the hemisphere and was thus legitimately of concern to them all.

The delegation of the United States had gone to Buenos Aires armed with a carefully prepared isolationist scheme modelled on the lines of its own Neutrality Act. The republics, under this plan, were to draw into themselves in time of major war in Europe or Asia. They were to supply no arms, ammunition, or implements of war to belligerents. They were to keep their vessels out of war zones, their nationals off vessels of belligerent registry, and take the other steps which the Congress of the United States had decided would tend to avoid being involved in foreign wars.

It quickly became apparent that the South American nations, led by Argentina, would have none of this ambitious project. Dr. Carlos Saavedra Lamas, who was then Foreign Minister of Argentina, was adamant in his opposition. He had won the Nobel Peace Prize, he had just presided over the Assembly of the League of Nations, and he had been fêted in London. He felt that the custody of his country, both politically and economically, was safer in European hands than it would be in the clutch of the "Colosse del Norte," the United States of North America. Other nations' delegates felt the same way, and they rallied round Dr. Lamas in sufficient strength to prevent any real approach to an American system of collective security based on mutual defence.

This time when the delegates gather about the council table many things will be different. Dr. Lamas, too, has retired from public life with the change in administration in Argentina. Most of the ideas he held so dear have diminished in value.

It is unlikely, of course, that any concrete plan of mutual defence will be evolved at Lima. The problem will rest in the state of conversation after the last delegate has departed for his home capital. But there will be much talk about it, and ideas may germinate.

Even the greatest alarmist in the western hemisphere would not claim that there is any immediate danger of extra-American aggression against any of the republics. Those who talk most about a possible menace concede they are speaking of an indefinite term of years. They do not look for an armed invasion of any portion of the New World by forces from Europe or from Asia.

Far more serious and of far greater immediate import is the problem of economic invasion, especially from Germany. Both Brazil and Mexico have made important barter deals, running into millions of pounds, with Germany. They and the other American nations believe officially that the totalitarian idea of world commerce is impracticable and one they do not want to develop, and yet the force of circumstances seems to be pushing them into it.

No one seems to know what to do about that sort of invasion. The optimists say it will fail of its own accord, and it is true that one hears a certain amount of grumbling in Brazil that the Germans drive too hard a bargain. Once a country gets into the field of barter, however, it is hard to withdraw, as the Germans and Italians have discovered. Using sea shells for money is only effective if one is willing to take sea shells in return.

The Brazilians found themselves without sufficient outlets for their tremendous coffee production. Germans drink a great deal of coffee. At first sight, it seemed a logical deal to sell large quantities of coffee to Germany, even if the Brazilian exporters had to take German typewriters, German cameras, and other German manufactures in exchange. Then the Germans found they would be unable to go through with the transaction unless the Brazilians could also arrange to sell them, also in exchange for German goods, an important quantity of cotton. Then certain Brazilian products useful in the chemical industry were added to the list.

The cotton growers and the producers of the raw materials for chemicals already had good, cash markets for their products. But the pressure from the coffee growers became irresistible, and the Brazilian Government had to cede almost any terms the Germans demanded.

This sort of infiltration is the most serious problem the delegates at Lima will have before them and the one on which the least headway will be made. Something could be done to stimulate inter-American trade by the lowering of barriers such as tariffs, quotas, exchange control and the like. But the plain fact is that the American republics are, for the most part, suppliers of raw materials and need industrial outlets. Germany needs raw materials and outlets in non-industrial areas of the world.

These are only some of the more obvious difficulties the delegates to the eighth Pan-American Conference will face at Lima. On the credit side may be mentioned the surprisingly successful conclusion of the Anglo-American Trade Agreement which demonstrated that two highly competitive nations may, by the exercise of intelligent selectivity, increase trade between themselves. The big question is whether this process can move swiftly enough to counter the quick blow furnished by the totalitarian barter system.

H. B. Hinton

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD IN PARIS: The British Air Minister, accompanied by M. Guy La Chambre, his French counterpart, as he inspected a guard of honour on arrival at Le Bourget. During his stay in Paris he visited the Aero Show and discussed various aspects of the rearmament question

NEWS FROM THE CHINESE FRONT

A PILLAR OF WATER rising above the Yangtse after Japanese sailors had exploded a mine intended by the Chinese for one of the Japanese gunboats. *On right*—American marines on duty with a Japanese sailor in a river port on the Yangtse

A CHINESE ARSENAL GOES UP IN SMOKE: Japanese infantrymen looking across the waters of Bias Bay, near Hong Kong, to the warehouses which members of their force had just set on fire. The warehouses were built originally by pirates who had their headquarters in Bias Bay, and they contained large quantities of arms and ammunition belonging to the Kwangtung defence force

THE EAST SURREYS IN SHANGHAI: Men of the 2nd Battalion parading on the racecourse following their arrival in the city to reinforce the British troops already engaged in the defence of the Settlement perimeter. The battalion, which was on its way from England at the time of the international crisis, was ordered to disembark at Singapore, but after the Munich settlement proceeded eastwards by way of Hong Kong. A typhoon further delayed them en route

Touring Europe in Search of Peace—III

WHAT HUNGARY IS THINKING

Being a Continuation of a Short Series of Articles Reflecting Current Continental Opinion

THE NAZI TOUCH is plain to see in this picture of Hungarian girl nationalists on parade. Ferdinand Tuohy points out in his article how sedulously the totalitarian spirit is being fostered

By FERDINAND TUOHY

CURRENT history is moving with such Olympic stride that to try to keep even within hail of it for a week or two seems a hopeless effort.

Having left behind me a Greater Germany seemingly set quiescently at least until Christmas, and with chances, surface showings, at any rate, of a more fecund coming year, my arrival in Budapest coincided to within an hour with the vom Rath outbreak throughout the Reich; which outbreak once again set the two great world camps developing mounting indignation or snarling back; the spirit of Munich, if there ever was one, blown sky high. And I had vaguely set out on the strength of that spirit.

As if the state of affairs I should find radiating from Hungary wasn't likely to be complicated enough already! Utter mix-up. Everybody waiting on the historic German exploitation, vision of a slow but steady lava flow down from the Obersalzberg.

Now, the very first morning, this was thrown into things, from "a usually well-informed quarter":—

"Don't you see? Hitler doesn't any longer worry one way or the other about a peace by mutual concession with the western democracies. The tide is running too strongly, he feels himself already growing so strong. You'll understand better why when you've been here a few days. Many here believe he is deliberately using the Jews to stir up a worse feeling than before, not caring a jot for America, either. He always used the Jewish question firstly as a political stratagem to stir up his Germans by hate. Now he may be using it to worsen the general international situation.

"The fact is, he thinks you *can't get* strong enough now, that Göring will hold his air lead by all-in means beyond your range. You will also discover the repercussion of this when you've been here a day or two. We are not hoping ill for England, far from it, but the feeling all over this part of the world, not only in Hungary, is that you've moved into second place, chiefly by growing divided, and are in much peril.

"They say you've lost fibre for having enjoyed too long. All I can say is that your challengers rather think you've lost brains and initiative. A famous Italian has been here. Do you know what he remarked concerning your Imperial defence? He said that if he had the job, one of his first moves would be to impress on Australians and New Zealanders that their steadily growing place *now* should be in air formations within call of the Suez Canal. "Some of the world's best flyers," he added.

Well, that was a bright hors d'œuvres to Hungary, you will admit, yet if one goes asking for these things nowadays one has to stomach them.

Budapest one found an odd mixture of bellicosity and liberalism.

This was Victory Week. "Twenty years after," the Honvéd was stamping into the territory ceded by Czechoslovakia. The national flag draped on all sides. Crowds studied a daily changing frontier line in every second shop window, in which also were pictures of the Regent Horthy, the Polish President, and Lord Rothermere (none of Führer or Duce).

LORD ROTHERMERE PRESENTED THIS STATUE TO BUDAPEST in memory of the provinces lost in the great war. Some of these provinces have now been brought back into the fold

Officers, police, bemedalled war veterans, soldiers, strode the pavement. The bookshops recalled Przemysl and Marshal Hoetzendorf in order to stimulate the martial spirit, and I recalled how I had lived three weeks in between sieges at Schemmysl, which the Russkis called Pearymishul. In the thick fog that hardly lifted for a week—just as dismal as London ever gets—illuminations were essayed of the celebrated Buda palace-fortress-bridges skyline, since of course nearly all the life of the capital is across the Danube, in Pest.

The Press revelled in the disintegration of "the lands of the Wencelcrown," and heavily-bordered mourning cards japing at the Czechs were freely peddled. The cinemas fired news-reels at you, showing a damp entry into the recovered lands, though Admiral Horthy, on his white horse at Komarom, did give a thrill, if Admiral Beatty once looked a positive Steve, by comparison, on *his* steed. Demonstrations were staged in Liberty Square, at one of which the speaker, an honoured figure, had occasion to mention Hitler and Mussolini. With each name he shot up his arm. Yet the "Heil Hitler" drew hardly a response, though the Duce got more.

The Duce is held affectionately for having plunged for succouring the Magyars as much as ten years ago; and his pro-Hungarian utterances ever since were being duly featured in the local Press—I dare say Signor Gayda, present, had something to do with that excellent piece of propaganda, valuable sort of thing we appear utterly disdainful of. And yet here was a Briton, Lord Rothermere, as the sole national guest of Hungary for this historic week—his Lordship having been a few months ahead of the Duce for restoring Hungary.

I wonder, incidentally, will Lord Rothermere, who lost two sons in the war, ever again experience such a strange two minutes Armistice Silence as he did this November 11. He was at the Kassa joy-show on the new frontier, and Horthy had precisely selected the sacred two minutes of the (late) victors for making his gala entry into the symbolic town.

I was in a tram in Budapest. Much traffic stopped, there was supposed to be a silence, the guns rang out, and then what a jangling, clanging orgy of a thousand bells for the next half-hour! Nor was melody fostered by a wide response to the Government's request that all private wireless sets be directed on to the streets so that everyone might hear Horthy at Kassa; project which, I fear, somewhat misfired owing to the bell orgy, the nation being in consequence deprived of unitedly listening in to victory.

But was it victory? The slogan of destiny—either "Never Forget!" or "Always Remember"—I have forgotten—told the contrary. That slogan bore out what every Hungarian I met felt quite sure of, that one day his country would recover far wider lands and people than now were being reabsorbed. Hungary wants back her old frontiers, minorities and all, just as if there had been no war and crushing defeat. She points to Rumania holding 1,500,000 former subjects, including 666,000 Magyars and 31 per cent. of former Magyar territory; to Yugoslavia, retaining 550,000 and 19 per cent. respectively; while Czechoslovakia, we know, still comprises some of ex-Hungary.

The Hungarians feel themselves a Herrenvolk, a lordly, master people set among lesser breeds. The Germans have felt likewise since Bismarck, and maybe they did before. The Magyar flag I passed at the frontier is still but one-third re-raised from the zero it has stood at since 1919.

But I mentioned the contrasting liberalism and bellicosity (though perhaps this last is not the word; the impression was of a distinct feel of 1914 and earlier).

This Budapest was as one blessed relief from forlorn, kept-under Vienna. One could read what one liked; see what one liked on film or stage; the cafés were gypsy-free and so Parisian, with a boulevard va-et-vient visible without, instead of the curtained coffee sipping of Vienna, to me always the most distressing operation. In the Jewish quarter, if there was anxiety, it escaped the observer—and this, after tramping Frankfurt and Vienna, and scarce a Jew in sight in their "quarters."

Nor need one recapitulate the women, who had all the make-up they wanted, and other things; or the best fare to be found beyond the Rhine. And not a brown or pink shirt. Charming-mannered, easy-going, good-looking people, a little apathetic, maybe, yet trying to enjoy life, and who, by the way, both skate and swim in the same months. I watched both in process, if at the same time slightly alarmed by the long list of maladies conjured, in the famous St. Gellért baths.

But I was saying—here, one felt, was a people only wishing, like so many others of us, to be left supremely at peace, and the devil take militant minorities or swollen expansionists. Here, you felt, was liberty.

Ah, but for how long?

If all local Nazi Parties in Central Europe and the Balkans have shot ahead since Munich, none has done so more than the Hungarian. They have rallied from Debrecen, their "Nuremberg," and their leader, Rainiss, is already prosecuting the old game of "patriotically supporting" a Right politician, Imredy, against a largely fictitious Opposition of Jews and Communists and pacifist Liberals, fished up out of the Danube I do not "lecture"; I merely report.

Hungarian parliamentarism is officially adjourned; in reality it is stricken, as democracy is dead or dying all over these latitudes. In Hungary's case, you must remember they had their Bela Kun (if also their White Terror). The Hungarian Nazis, whatever evil they may bring, say they'll press ahead long overdue social measures, including the end of the poverty-spreading system of huge estates. They also have ready measures of assistance to the afflicted and to large families; they would organise leisure; attack disease. Some may say: "Yes, and most of this is in order to promote a familiar Fascist policy of more and more Hungarians." Possibly. Yet does not some good have a habit of lurking in "evil"?

Undoubtedly the Jews would be in for a thin time in Hungary. On the other hand, if Hungary "goes Nazi," which the best authorities assured me she would not, thereby reinforcing my belief that she will, if this should befall, it will not mean a vassalage à la Czech to Hitler. That was special and is unlikely to be repeated. For one thing, Hitler doesn't want to incorporate 10,000,000 restless, irredentist Hungarians. What he does want, and what I judge Hungary may give, is an economic partnership, Hungary increasingly sending her famous wheat, cattle, pigs, poultry to a depleted Reich, and receiving in return as much as Germany can provide of Hungarian requirements, partly on a barter basis.

Hungary is likely to drop her present *cher ami*, Poland, if necessary, in order to step in harmony with Germany, thereby fitting into the Nazi economic plan for a greater "Middle Europe" than ever was dreamt of in Kaiserliche days, and she should do this voluntarily, as others may also do. These lands would not knuckle under to

(*Continued on page 448*)

PRAGUE'S STATUE OF THE GOLEM: This artificial man is reputed to have been made in the middle ages by the great mathematician Reb Low and endowed by him with life

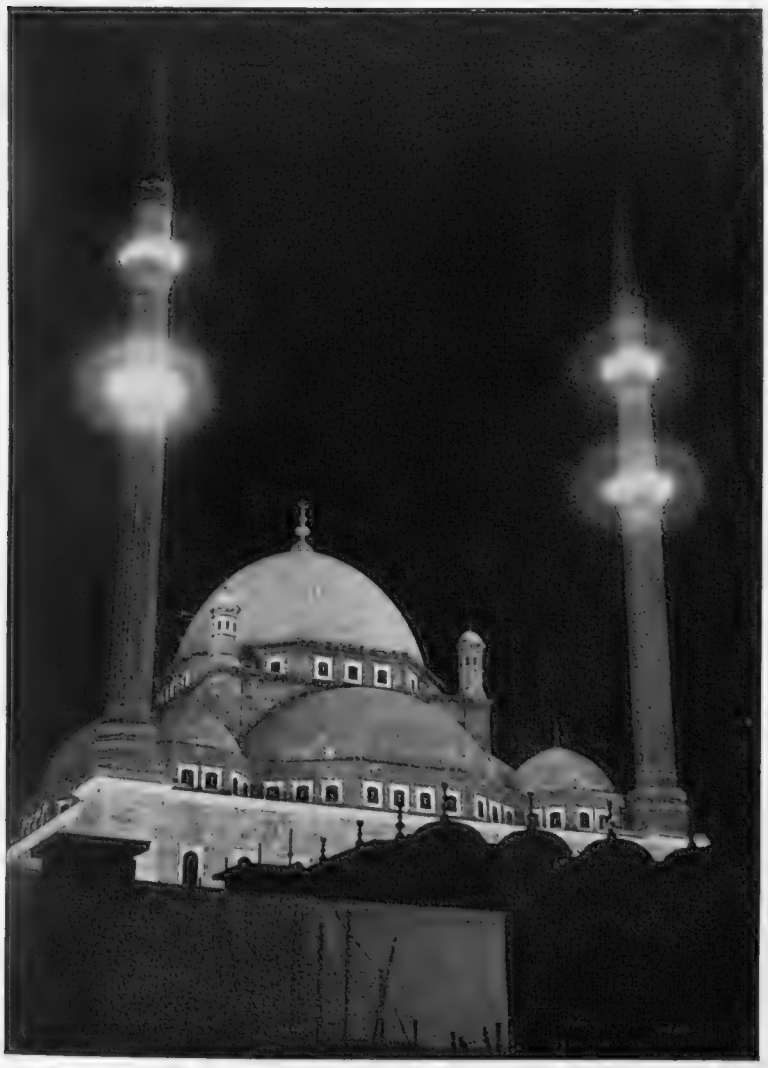
FOREIGN SURVEY: Four Items from Abroad

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S NEW PRESIDENT:

Dr. Emil Hacha who has been elected by the National Assembly in Prague to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Dr. Benes. President Hacha has for long been President of the Supreme Administrative Court—an office corresponding to Lord Chief Justice in England—but to the masses of his countrymen he has up to now been known best as the man who translated Kipling into Czech. On the day of his election a certain amount of enthusiasm was displayed, but signs were not lacking of the drift to the totalitarian view which seems to be taking place throughout Czechoslovakia. Enemies of the old regime are calling Dr. Hacha President of the "Second Republic"

LEAVING CARDS ON ALL EUROPE:

Mr. Oswald Pirow, the South African Defence Minister, seen at a field communication post during a visit to the German Army manœuvres at Doeberitz. Mr. Pirow, who was in London in November when he had conversations with our Dominions Minister, has since been touring through the Continent, his stay in the Reich causing particular speculation in view of Germany's oft repeated colonial claims



A DAUGHTER FOR THE ROYAL HOUSE:

Cairo's great mosque gaily floodlit in honour of the birth of a daughter to Queen Farida, consort of young King Farouk. To see a Muslim shrine with its minarets thus illuminated certainly strikes a note of novelty

QUEEN MAUD'S LYING-IN-STATE:

The impressive scene in the flower-decked chapel at Akershus Castle, near Oslo, where the remains of Norway's Queen were brought following the journey from England and prior to the burial. Many thousands of Norwegian citizens filed past the coffin

THE REAL "MAIN STREET"—II

A Briton Continues his Survey of Life as he Finds it in America

By D. J. HALL

IN so short a space it would be absurd to attempt a comprehensive survey of all that I found in covering about half the continent. I can only give a series of impressions in the hope that they may help, with what I have already said, to give an understandable picture. Having left Decatur, Illinois, we had still 1,400 miles before us to New Mexico. We could not go fast with a new engine, and so drove for a stretch of thirty hours through the western Illinois, and clear across Missouri.

Some time after midnight we passed through St. Joseph, St. Jo of the old Santa Fé trail, where the covered wagons gathered for their slow painful journey to the west. At dawn we saw clearly what the moonlight had suggested, that the country had become less cultivated. So far as the eye could see was billowy prairie, the grass seared by years of drought. We followed the bed of the Arkansas. To see that country is to understand not only the stubborn will to go forward that inspired the old-timers, but also the present importance of women in America. Their courage was vital to a new country, and custom has established their position.

That night we slept in Garden City, Kansas, 900 miles on our way. We were very tired and wanted a drink. But the repeal of Prohibition has many anomalies. Nearly every state has its own qualifications. Kansas is dry. In some other states you can obtain beer in a restaurant, but you must buy spirits by the bottle in a store. In the dry states there is still boot-legging, though not on a large scale. There is indeed a movement in favour of the return of nation-wide Prohibition, but it seems unlikely to meet with success. There is still drinking on a far larger scale than in England, though it is fair to say that, throughout the country, I saw no one drunk.

Like many other extravagances in America, the drink question, to be understood, must be viewed in relation to vitality made nervous by an extreme climate, and constant adaptation to new and faster conditions of life in big cities. Also, liquor is cheap. But it is becoming less smart to drink, and fashion is potent, particularly with young people.

We needed nothing to make us sleep in Garden City. Only what seemed like the last trump impinged on my sub-consciousness, the Diesel express from Los Angeles to Chicago. It is the finest train in a country remarkable for the comfort and speed of its long-distance travel. Like all the main trains, and many local ones, it is air-conditioned. In addition it is streamlined, and, with only four stops, covers a great part of its 2,000-mile journey at 100 m.p.h. Across eastern Colorado the country became even more desolate. We were on the edge of the dust-bowl, where years of drought and, in some cases, over-cultivation of prairie land have brought havoc to farmers when the wind has swept up the top-soil. The trouble is being tackled, with typical energy, by the planting of hundreds of miles of young forest trees to act as wind-breaks and bind the soil.

There can be few natural scenes more impressive than the first view of New Mexico from the summit of the Raton Pass in the spur of the southern Rockies. It comes upon you suddenly, after miles of climbing, and it seems like a new continent. The distances of the middle west you have crossed shrink beside the immensity of that prospect, with its ranges, flat-topped mesas and deserts. As you go on, the earth becomes red and ochre, colours intensified by the soft green of rabbit-brush and sage. The clear air catches your breath, for the northern plateau of New Mexico is 6,000 ft. above sea level.

We stayed two weeks with our Indian friends in their pueblo, where we had lived before, 40 miles from Santa Fé. To write of these fine people here would be to give them disproportionate space. America is their very own, they number some 350,000 and are increasing; but though I love and respect them, and know them as well as a white man may, it would be idle for me to say that the Indians are vital to modern America. If white men would learn from them their high principles and their custom of living up to them it might be otherwise. But I fear it is too late now.

Santa Fé, the state capital, for all its tourists and flocks of indifferent artists, is still aloof. You have only to go a few miles outside the town to find people who cannot speak a word of English. We revisited the mountain village where once we had witnessed the rites of the Penitentes in Lent. A new priest was there; he did not like to talk of Penitentes, and we wondered how he felt, a young man only a year out of Cologne.

Sadly we turned our backs and set off into the grandeur of western Texas. We stopped one night in a little thirty-year-old shack town of which the nearby wells supplied St. Louis, 800 miles away, with gas. I talked with the landlady's daughter, aged fifteen. She was greatly interested in England, and was corresponding with a girl in Birmingham whom she had never seen. She was going to be a doctor, and had her course mapped out. But she guessed she might get only far enough to come over to help as a nurse in the next war. She was intelligent and asked innumerable questions. It is a far cry from the ranges of Texas to a back street in Birmingham. "Out of the mouths of babes . . ."

On, through Oklahoma City with oil derricks in the gardens; across Arkansas, where we talked long into the night with a Dane who had been there since childhood and thought Roosevelt the greatest living American. We crossed the Mississippi at Memphis, a city jungly in its suburbs with their great negro population. Through the mountains of Tennessee, past ancient shacks with poor whites sitting on the porches, and the Great Smokies towering behind them, lost in mist.

At an inn in Virginia I stayed to talk alone with the negro waiter. "The white folks, they'se on the peak, and we'se jist behind 'em, treadin' on their heels. They knows if they don' kick back all the time we jist push 'em over the edge." Later I suggested that his folk had at any rate given them one thing harmful, their music. "Yes-sir," he said slowly. "Ah guess that's so. White folks' got their rhythm, coloured folks' got their rhythm. A man's body has to go with his rhythm. Now they tryin' to have our rhythm, an' all the time their bodies are beatin' against it. It's jist breakin' em all up." Astonished at his perception, I asked if many of his folk thought as he did. He looked at me quizzically. "Ah guess that's bin discussed."

Though I have come often to New York in sunshine I have left always in a mist in which the skyline seems symbolically to merge into the continent. I lean then on the rail and wonder what I have learned. That New York, cosmopolitan, filled with nervous activity, is not America, has been said a thousand times. Yet the stranger might be told the same of any one of America's other facets. The whole can be understood only through understanding of its diverse parts, and these have fundamentally much in common.

On the credit side, great vitality, the pioneer courage to experiment, and an ideal of individual freedom and of the commonweal. On the debit side, lack of direction causing waste of energy; vested interests working against reform, graft, and a cumbersome political machine which acts as a drag. But the will to go forward is powerful, and, with the knowledge that her cherished freedom can be preserved only through co-operation with England, America looks to us to meet her half-way. That so scattered and diverse a people has this desire possesses a significance we have been too slow in grasping. After years of ignorance and indifference we have now made a beginning; but time and tide wait for no man.

AFTER WHISTLER: This statue, which was unveiled last September, was commissioned by the boys and girls of Ashland, Pennsylvania, and is dedicated to the mothers of the town

DEDICATED TO AMERICA'S NATIONAL HUMORIST AND PHILOSOPHER: The Will Rogers memorial seen as it was nearing completion on its hilltop site near Claremore, Oklahoma, home town of the man who made America laugh at her own foibles, winning a world-wide reputation by his penetrating wit

AMERICA GOES "SWING" CRAZY

The Dance Music that has Put Jazz in the Shade

HIGH PRIESTS OF "SWING": Hugues Panassie (left), the young Frenchman who is giving America the lead with the new dance music, and Tommy Dorsey, the ace trombonist, in action together at the Paramount, New York City. America has gone completely "swing" crazy these days, regarding it almost in the light of a religion and honouring it with a jargon all its own

THE ALEXANDER OF SWING: "Wingy" Mannone, cornet player from New Orleans, conducting his band—the first real "swing" band in America—at a "jam session" (Americanese for recital) in New York. "Swing" fans are of two classes: those who listen in sheer worship of the "technical perfection" of the executants, and those whose worship leads them to ecstatic improvisation of steps. Both are in earnest, regarding "swing" as a contribution to the world's musical heritage. D. J. Hall, however, who is writing for "The Sphere" on contemporary American life, dubs it an outcome of the need for stimulation in a land where the tempo of life is too fast

CONNIE BOSWELL SINGS A "HOT NUMBER": One of America's big "swing" vocalists at a "jam session." *On right*—"Peewee" Russell (clarinet) and his colleagues all out during a recording by the "Hot Recording Society." Whether America's craze for "swing" will ever attain a like intensity in this country remains a moot point, but it is already finding expression in unorthodox dances wherein improvisation of steps is a prominent feature

MEET "ZUTIE" SINGLETON, the popular American swing drummer, who performs at "Nick's," a New York night club that has pioneered this form of dance music from the very beginning

WHEN ARAN CATTLE GO TO

How the Islanders Ship their Stock from the Aran the Mainland: A Difficult Feat on a Most Treacher

FISHERMAN-FARMER JOHN DIRRANE, a typical Aran islander, gazes out to sea as the little steamer *Dun Angus* leaves for the mainland with cattle bound for Galway Fair. He has been shipping stock across the bay for forty years and more, and he knows the hazards of this treacherous coast as well as any man

THE "DUN ANGUS" DROPS ANCHOR OFF INISHMORE, and the Aran fishermen go out to her in their curraghs, taking the passengers and goods bound for the mainland. Transporting the cattle is a much more difficult matter, and the picture *below* shows a cow swimming behind one of the curraghs from shore to ship. Ropes are placed round the animal's girth so that it can be hoisted aboard without any great difficulty

RENDEZVOUS ON INISHMAAN: Aran folk gathered on the foreshore of this island (the centre island of the Aran group) to await the coming of the steamer *Dun Angus*, which will take their stock

LEAVING ARAN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR LIVES: Islanders waiting to go aboard the *Dun Angus* en route to Galway Fair. It was an experience they will not soon forget

GALWAY FAIR

Pastures to
ous Coast

across the bay to Galway Fair. As there is no harbour on Inishmaan, the animals must needs swim for it, being towed along behind the curraghs—the unusual, local brand of fishing boat—and then hoisted aboard the ship

NINE TO ONE . . . and they were all needed to persuade this unwilling cow to enter the water. Once there they had no difficulty in making her swim

MUTUAL CURIOSITY: A matron of Inishmaan, in the typical plaid shawl of the Aran folk, chatting with two girl visitors, one French and one English, as they waited for the cattle boat to take them back to the mainland. Visitors are more frequent since Robert Flaherty's brilliant film, *Man of Aran*, came to the screen

A LITTLE TROUBLE ON THE BEACH as the pony jibbed at the prospect of a bathe. He was soon lured into the water, however, and thereafter was too busy keeping his head above water to cause any further nuisance. *On left*—These shoes, made of soft hide, are known as "pampooties" and are worn by nearly all the men and women of Aran

MARTINMAS "FLITTING"

"Flitting," essentially a word of Scottish usage, means, in the dictionary's precise definition, "to remove from one dwelling to another, especially with one's household goods." During Martinmas in Scotland scenes such as this are common enough on the highways as ploughmen and other agricultural labourers move their families and their possessions to the new farms where they have found employment

WHEN BIRDLAND MIGRATES

A Pen Picture of a Great Event in the Realm of Nature

IT is still scarcely daylight, and a ghostly mist lies spread far out across the vast level stretches of the saltings. The chill wind of an autumn dawn is all-pervading—sky and sea are faintly grey, and divided by a blurred and almost invisible horizon.

The only touch of colour is presented here by three small birds—goldfinches—which are clustering like rare jewels fashioned in ruby and gold upon the swaying thistle-tops. As it grows lighter a pearly gleam breaks into the even grey of the heavens; but the sun is in hiding—the air is keen.

Upon the one hand lies the shingle beach; upon the other the wide spread of the marshlands. The growing light touches upon the little pools, turning them into silver. Slowly the lovely colours about the coast are appearing—burgundy and ochre, lemon-yellow, deep crimson, and a myriad more that bring to life the sleeping landscape.

And still the skies are void of anything beyond the customary signs of activity. There is a movement among the seagulls as they arouse themselves and proceed upon their various ways in search of the morning meal. Lazily they sail along. Some few settle together upon the beach—white figures that show up distinctly against the neutral background of the surrounding pebbles.

Now it is full daylight—a dull, sunless day. And now, at last, upon the pale emptiness of the eastern sky there appears a faint pencil line, so fine that momentarily it seems doubtful as to whether it really is in existence at all. But with a second glance there comes the realisation of what this means—that, close at hand, is that spectacle for which I had hoped, and travelled so far to see.

For the faint pencil line, barely discernible at first, darkens and becomes more defined, growing stronger as it approaches, until finally it has resolved itself into a flock of birds—the first of the migrating hordes to put in an appearance on the scene. And in a few moments it is possible to discover their identity. They consist of a flock of green plover, the advance guard of the great army due at this season upon the British coastline. There is no difficulty in identification. They can clearly be recognised when in flight by the particular shape of their wings.

The party moves along in perfect silence. Coming in at right angles from over the sea, it then sweeps onwards, always upon a straight line of route, and it passes between the strip of beach upon which I am standing and the distant woodlands. As nearly as is possible to count, the number in this first flight seems to be about seventy. Within some three minutes' time there follows another party of perhaps thirty-five.

And then comes a truly imposing sight, which makes me catch my breath. For it is indeed a thrilling scene to watch. And a scene ever to be remembered. For, at the self-same instant, there appear—always from the one direction—four immense flocks of the green plover, abreast of each other.

The birds are flying in a slightly uneven formation, somewhat resembling a roughly drawn line. The nearest party is within a very short distance of the foreshore. The length of the whole line as it sweeps forward is tremendous—it must be covering a space of perhaps a mile or more. In the quiet of the early morning hours the silence of these travelling legions is strangely imposing. Continuously they pass—always keeping with exactitude to the same route as that taken by the first arrivals—company after company. In the beginning I endeavour to take some rough count of these battalions; but it is soon evident that this is an utter impossibility, therefore I simply put down a few hurried notes as best I can. As I turn to watch a departing flock, almost instantaneously another comes into sight. Throughout the entire day this great migration continues, the birds coming over at regular intervals.

During the course of the afternoon it becomes apparent that the incoming numbers are decreasing—the intervals are growing longer and longer between the appearance of each flock. And as it draws towards evening, the passage ceases altogether. It is soon after six o'clock in the evening that the last of the travellers have passed over. Following the same programme on the next morning, not long after sunrise, I am again down on the beach at the same point, as it seems so favourable a spot for observation. And, from the early hours, throughout the day the vast army still keeps up the order of its coming. And so the movement continues, the migrants coming in steadily in parties of greatly varying sizes, their pace being somewhat slow, no doubt due to fatigue from the journey.

There is something of a break in the procession for a while in the latter part of the afternoon. During the entire period of observation not a single flight has crossed directly above me. Not swerving away at sight of me; I have concealed myself sufficiently, and seem to have thus escaped all notice; but it just chances that my position is such that the line of route is well on either side of where I am placed. But now, after the short interval, there comes a change. I hear a faint sound, a swish-swish, which increases rapidly until it sounds exactly like the insistent rustle of a piece of stiff silk. And, turning, I see just above my head, in the very act of passing over, an enormous flock of the green plover. They fly very low—far lower than any of their predecessors.

It is a fine and impressive experience—the close passage of this immense and silent company; silent but for the silken rustle of their strong wings as they cleave the windless air. So near to me are the birds that I can clearly distinguish the markings upon the plumage of each one as it passes by. They have maintained a fairly regular formation all the time; of course, with some occasional variation, but keeping up a loose open order as the general rule, and spreading themselves out over a broad space.

It is in the early morning that I see the arrival of the brent geese. From the far distance there comes the sound of many bird voices. And then, directing their course straight inland from across the sea, there comes a gaggle of geese. It is interesting to note that here is another formation altogether, differing from that of the foregoing species in a striking fashion.

The manner of flight is such that it has the appearance of a lengthy string of beads, the ends of the string fluttering loosely in the air. The centre is in a knotted tangle which varies continuously in its size during the progress of the birds. In a marked contrast to the impressive silence of the plover, the geese are chattering loudly and incessantly, keeping up this excited cackle untiringly as they proceed. They fly in from a northerly direction, and they are steering straight inland; in all probability making their way to the nearest estuary, where, about the muddy ground, they will find the food they need.

So the day wears on, and through the clear pallor of the skies there are no more passing migrants. The first great contingent of the incoming green plover has reached these shores and swept onward to its chosen destination.

Muriel W. Haywood

THE FIRST SNOW OF WINTER

The 3,000-ft. summit of Skiddaw veiled by the first snow of winter. A view taken from the Keswick approach to the peak showing the stone wall country that stretches away beneath

NOVEMBER IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

Pictures by Douglas West

Sheep coming over Cleator Moor, near Workington, in the fading light of a November day. Away in the distance patches of sunlight penetrate the gloom

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YOUNG STORKS AT THE NEST: A new picture from Hungary, where the habits of these birds are being closely studied

HUNGARY STUDIES THE STORK

IN recent years considerable attention has been paid on the Continent to the study of storks and their ways. In Hungary efforts have been made by means of ringing to trace the migration course of these great birds. It is generally known that they pass the winter in the warmer climes of Africa, and indeed fly to the lakes many hundreds of miles inland. In the spring they return to nest in Europe, but strangely enough it is only recently that anything has been known of their line of migratory flight. By ringing young birds especially, that is

RINGING A STORK for purposes of identification. By this means Hungarian ornithologists are hoping to compile a record of the bird's migratory habits

Tracing the Line of Migration

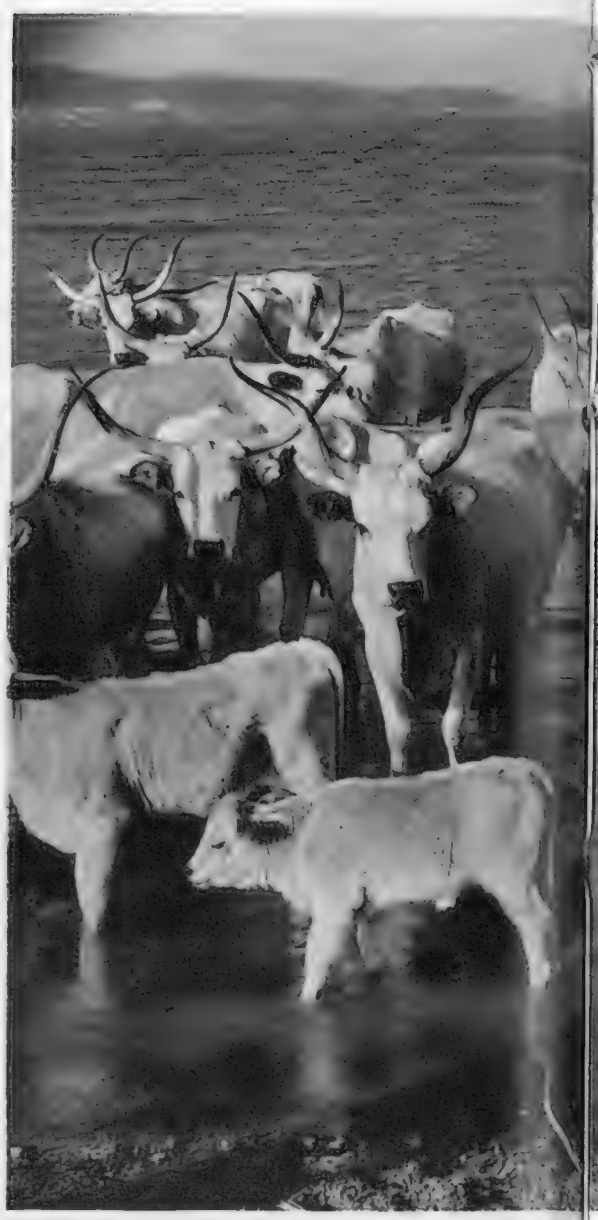
birds born in Europe, it is hoped that details of flight, resting place, and final destination of the migrating birds can be confirmed. In Hungary the storks are welcomed. Throughout the land in almost every village they build their great nests, mainly on house-tops, and particularly on chimney-tops, which form sound bases for the heavy structure. In such a nest perhaps four eggs will be laid, and during the early days the male has a big task in providing food for the female and the young, and later in teaching the young to fly. They fish in the rivers and in the reedy ponds and lakes of the plains, and are neither hunted nor disturbed. On the Puszta, indeed, superstition protects the stork, for it is believed there that to anyone who harms or kills a stork retribution will be swift

d

IN HUNGARY NOW

Life on a Great Landed Estate

LONG-HORNED HUNGARIAN CATTLE on one of the nine farms of Prince Georges Tassilon Joseph Festetics von Tolna who owns vast property round the shores of Lake Balaton, Western Hungary, and is, indeed, one of the two largest landowners in the realm. The pictures on these pages, all of which were taken on the Prince's estate, are of particular concern at the moment in that they give an impression of Hungarian feudal life as it is still lived in these democratic days, and they are also of special interest in connection with Ferdinand Tuohy's article on Hungary in this issue



IN THE COOL WATERS O of the great lake round w temper, so his horns are

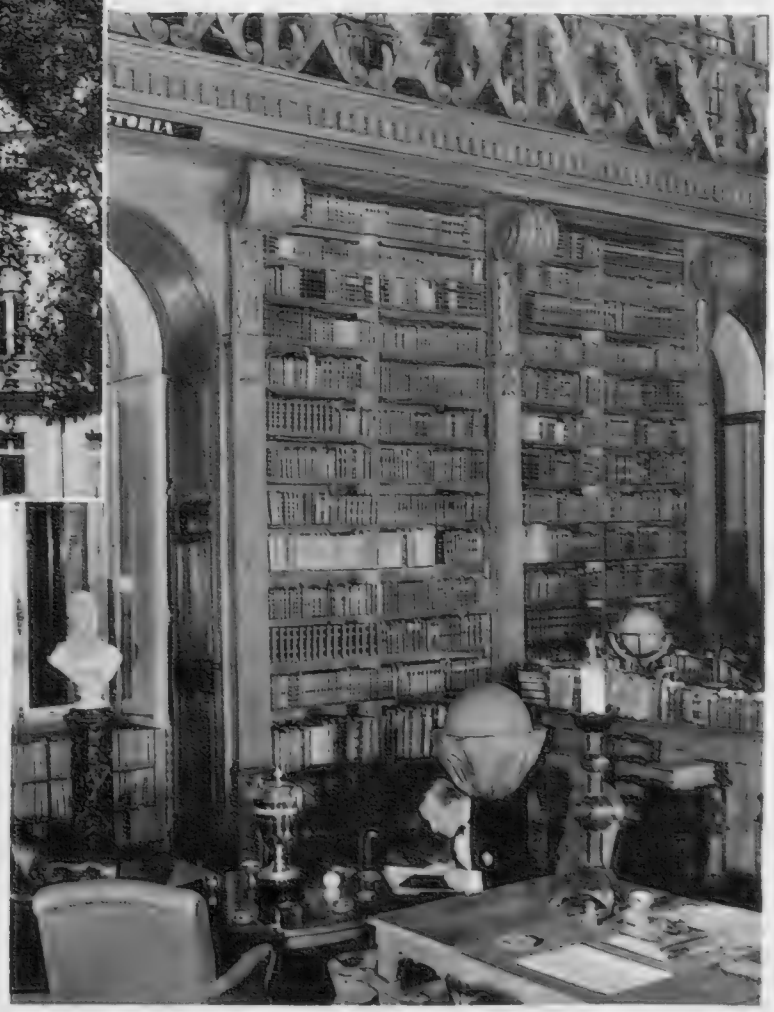
A FEUDAL LORD AT HOME: Prince Georges Festetics von Tolna seen with the Princess at their castle of Keszthely on the shores of Lake Balaton. The Prince is related to the Douglas-Hamilton family, his father, the first Prince, having married in 1880 Mary Victoria, daughter of the 11th Duke of Hamilton. The Prince, who is fifty-six, is actively engaged in the management of his estate, having 500 farm labourers and 60 woodsmen under his control. He is known as a model employer and pays his servants entirely in kind

THE CASTLE OF KESZTHELY was built in 1650 and i architecture. The view

BALATON: Some of Prince Festetics' fine long-horned Transylvanian cattle pictured on the shores ich the Prince owns extensive property. The strapping great bull in the foreground is of uncertain ipped with brass knobs. He is a valuable beast, costing £150 or more in the open market

CUTTING A FINE FIGURE in his magnificent uniform. The "Hereditary Gatekeeper" at the castle of Prince Festetics. *Below*—The Prince reading in a corner of the castle library

palatial home of the Festetics family, a fine example of seventeenth-century nly shows a portion of the building



On left—
THE NEW FAMILY MAUSOLEUM which has just been built in the extensive grounds of Keszthely

On right—
PRINCE GEORGES IN THE CASTLE LIBRARY: Examining one of the fine autograph albums in his possession. The Prince has a host of varied interests, but his collection of rare books is the greatest of them

A CELESTIAL MUSICIAN: This striking sculpture, which was recently placed on view together with other acquisitions at the Victoria and Albert Museum, comes from the Lung Mën caves in Honan, where it was one of several figures grouped round a Buddha. The instrument bears a resemblance to the banjo, a curious fact when it is considered that the sculpture dates back thirteen centuries

A TREASURE from the CAVES OF HONAN:

Last month's exhibition of recent acquisitions at the Victoria and Albert Museum included the singularly beautiful specimen of sixth-century Chinese carving pictured on the left. The winged figure formed a fragment of the relief carvings in the Lung Mën caves, and represents an "apsarâ"—one of the celestial dancing girls grouped round the central figure of a Buddha.

Though only a small part of the original composition, the figure is a complete and perfectly balanced unit. Detail has not been sacrificed in the interests of design, and the two have been beautifully amalgamated. There is superb workmanship in every line, and the carving of the head and long-fingered hands is particularly lovely.

Although to the Western mind the instrument she plays is absurdly reminiscent of a banjo, probably, on the other hand, the heavenly host with harps might appear equally out of place to the Oriental.

ABEL PANN'S BIBLICAL STUDIES:

Abel Pann has made a very wonderful and striking choice of models for his collection of Biblical characters now exhibited by the Fine Art Society, and three of which are reproduced herewith. After living in Palestine for twenty-five years studying the country-folk busied about their daily tasks, observing the manners, customs and even clothes that have hardly changed since the old Bible days, one feels that Mr. Pann is undoubtedly qualified to bring these well-known characters more vividly to life; for although the Bible has been the source of inspiration to painters of every age and country, it is not every artist who seeks out, as Mr. Pann has done, the actual Jewish types in Palestine who are most likely to be true descendants of the peoples of the Bible story.

The choice of pastel as a medium for his work is both striking and delicate and his colour-range seems to be practically inexhaustible. The soft chalkiness in the drawings gives a lovely matt surface to the rich flesh tints and undoubtedly enhances the haunting intensity of the dark eyes in his figure studies.

(*Continued below on left*)

"AND BEFORE I HAD DONE SPEAKING IN MINE HEART, BEHOLD, REBEKAH CAME FORTH WITH HER PITCHER ON HER SHOULDER, AND SHE WENT DOWN UNTO THE WELL": One of the five pastel works by Abel Pann in his collection of Biblical studies at the Fine Art Society's galleries

"AND SHE WENT, AND CAME, AND GLEANED IN THE FIELD AFTER THE REAPERS": A pastel of Ruth by Abel Pann, who has spent many years in Palestine seeking models for his Biblical studies. *Right*—The head of Rachel

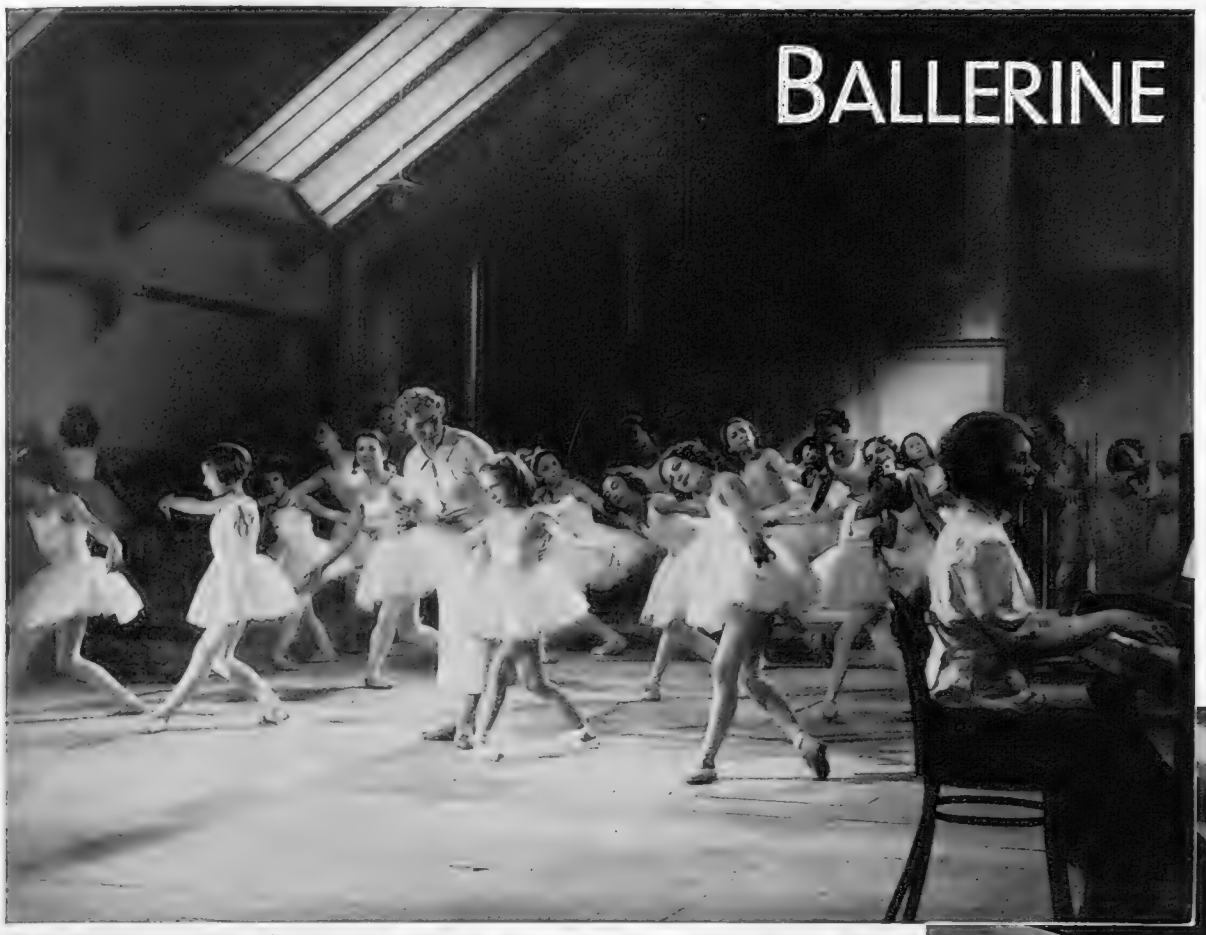
The same quality of technique also emphasises the bewildering impression of blistering heat and parched dryness in his desert scenes.

His child studies are all delightful, from the solemn-eyed black-haired John the Baptist to the fair-skinned Jesus as a babe asleep in his manger of hay. The heads of Shem, Ham and Japhet stand out in almost brutal contrast to the delicacy to be found in Mr. Pann's women and child studies; one feels that every human characteristic for good or evil may be found in these three faces.

I. B.

BALLERINE *in the* MAKING

The School of Ballet in the Paris Opera House where Young Dancers Receive Their Rigorous Training



FIRST STEPS UP THE LADDER OF FAME: The newcomers' class at work in the Ballet School which occupies part of the Paris Opera House and serves the purpose of providing the Corps de Ballet with a constant supply of new talent. Most of the youngsters start between the ages of ten and twelve and thereafter undergo six years of rigorous training

FOR SEVEN HOURS A DAY FOR SIX YEARS these potential ballet stars at the Paris school go through their exercises. Even for the girl imbued with a deep, unquenchable enthusiasm for the ballet, it is a wearisome, often heartbreaking business; but most of them persevere

THEY FLY THROUGH THE AIR: Young ballet dancers learning how to hold a pose when suspended on wires. It is no easy task, nor, indeed, is anything else easy that they have to learn to do at the school

AGILITY PERSONIFIED . . .

A fine action-study of a ballet dancer demonstrating her prowess. She is now nearing the end of her student days and can look forward to a chance on the stage

GREEN ROOM CAMEO . . .

Pendant le quart d'heure de récreation, les petites danseuses rajustent leur "making up," boivent une tasse de café, répètent quelques "torsions" trop difficile

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HOLLAND AND AMERICA SUCCOUR GERMAN JEWRY

HOLLAND GIVES A LEAD: German Jewish children being fed on arrival at Naarden, near Amsterdam, where large numbers of refugees have been accommodated since the pogrom in the Reich. Meanwhile bigger plans are on foot and the Refugee Committee set up at Evian last July is urgently concentrating on the problem of finding a haven for Jewry

SIGN OF THE TIMES: Rabbi Samuel Friedman, of the Beth Jacob Synagogue, Plymouth, Massachusetts, preaching the Thanksgiving Day sermon at the historic Church of the Pilgrimage. The reason why he was thus honoured was significant enough, providing just one of many indications of the pro-Semitism and anti-Nazism now sweeping America

On right—ANTI-NAZIDEMONSTRATION IN NEW YORK: Mr. Nathan Frankel, Labour, adviser to Mayor La Guardia, addressing a meeting staged in Columbus Circle by the American League for Peace and Democracy. He delivered a bitingattack on Germany and was wildly applauded by a big crowd. It was Mayor La Guardia who last month had the brilliant idea of responding to the German Consulate's request for police guards by sending a detachment of Jewish officers

SEEKING SANCTUARY IN THE NEW WORLD: Paul Simon (second from left), eminent German Jewish art designer, his wife (centre), his father (second from right), and his children seen on disembarking at New York from the liner *Hansa*. They are hoping to make their home in San Francisco, 6,000 miles from the Fatherland and its terrors for all of their faith. Under the quota system America can only take 27,000 Germans in the course of a year

UNDERGROUND TRAVEL DE LUXE: These are the latest coaches on the L.P.T.B. system. During the next few months more and more of them will be making their appearance. The doors have large glass panels and can be opened and shut by passengers, buttons, which can just be seen in this picture, being provided at each entrance. The coaches are much more comfortable and silent in running than those they are superseding, but whether they will be less overcrowded is another matter

TRANSPORTING LONDON'S MILLIONS

The L.P.T.B. and Its Colossal Plan for Creating New Services and Modernising Those Already in Existence

By NOEL THOMPSON

UNDER their very noses, and in some cases under their very feet, £50,000,000 is being spent to improve the travelling comfort of 9,800,000 Londoners and Greater Londoners. That figure of 9,800,000 is the officially estimated number of customers served by the London Passenger Transport Board. And I will wager that not 1 per cent. of that (nearly) 10,000,000 people realise what this terrific five-year plan really means.

It means that over and above ordinary running expenses, roughly £192,307 a week, or more than £27,400 a day, is being spent so that you, madam, may travel cheaper, farther, and in greater comfort to your shopping. And that you, sir, can get to and from your office, or your sport, quicker and more pleasurably.

Finishing date of this five-year plan will be December, 1940. Take one aspect alone. By 1940 the West End will have been very considerably revolutionised. There will be a huge new public for the West End anxious to enjoy itself, *at a suitable price*. There will be electric trains east of London from Fairlop, Epping, and Ongar with 31½ new route miles straight to the West End. There are dozens of new building estates to be tapped there.

Electrification and new stations will cost £16,000,000. There are the huge building developments to the west of London. Denham in Buckinghamshire will be linked by tube with Ongar, 42½ miles away, by way of the West End. The great film studios at Denham, recently amalgamated with Pinewood (a couple of miles away), will be in direct touch with the centre of London, together with all the new colonies that have sprung up round Harefield, Ruislip, Greenford, and Perivale. This will cost £3,000,000. And to the north, to take another example, through Highgate, Alexandra Palace, Mill Hill, out to another film colony, Elstree, and on to Bushey Heath, another £7,000,000 scheme is being pushed ahead.

No one seems to realise how this five-year development plan is going to change London. Not only the West End either. The "lungs" of London, or the green belts, are going to be brought within much more convenient and easy touch. It is gratifying to learn that the L.C.C. have realised this. Pupils in L.C.C. schools will once a week be taken easily to their open-air classes, which means, more than anything, a day in the really fresh air. There they may, or can, learn, but at any rate they will have healthy surroundings.

I have not even mentioned yet the £8,000,000 scheme which will link Amersham and Chesham direct with the Bakerloo, and make Baker Street no longer a terminus. King's Cross will replace it. By means of a switch-over at Swiss Cottage—hence the obstructions which show above the surface in Finchley Road — trains will run straight through to Piccadilly and south London; another huge area north-west of London to be tapped, and to be supplied.

At this point it is wise to mention the enormous potentialities the underground will have for rapid evacuation of London in the event of a war. By 1940 the relief it can give to the road, and the main lines, will, it is estimated, be more than trebled.

Looking backwards I want to skim through some early days of underground railways before dealing with the latest achievement in detail of this five-year plan, the opening of Aldgate East station and the amazing work it entailed.

Just over seventy-five years ago the first underground train ran between Bishop's Road and Farringdon, a distance of 3¾ miles. Its main purpose was to link up the termini of Paddington, Euston, King's Cross and St. Pancras. Now there are 174 miles of track. In three weeks the line carried 613,116 passengers. The scheme then was to drain the Regent's Park Canal and turn it into a railway. It was also planned to build a Crystal Way, a glass-enclosed track and boulevard round London. Neither scheme eventuated, but the Crystal Way still sounds attractive if impracticable.

In 1890 the first underground electric railway was opened, the City and South London. Within a year it carried 5,370,000 passengers. Last year the L.P.T.B. carried 3,723,655,768 passengers. At that time the carriages were known as "padded cells." They were upholstered almost to the ceiling. The windows were tiny slits, well above eye level. As the train was going underground, it was thought that no one would want to look out.

Passengers learned where they were from two attendants, one at each end of the train, who shouted out the stations as they were reached. Ventilation was almost non-existent, and the carriages became stifling before the end of the journey was reached.

Compare that with to-day. In the present scheme £9,000,000 is being spent on new rolling stock, the first of which is beginning to be put into service

It all means big money for British engineers and British manufacturers, to whom must be added the makers of the trolley buses, now rapidly, but unnoticed, replacing the trams. By 1940 there will not be a single tram running north of the Thames, and very few on the south side. That will involve switching trams to trolley buses at a cost of about £5,000,000. And the renovation of power supply will take another £2,500,000.

Having reviewed the scheme as a whole, let us take one of the main details, probably the most complicated piece of work of its kind ever undertaken by engineers.

As far back as 1910 there was a project for enlarging the vitally busy traffic junction, the triangle between St. Mark's Lane, Aldgate, and Aldgate East stations. Trains had to crawl by; signalling was easily upset and delays caused, and there was not room for regular eight- or nine-carriage trains. In 1934 a scheme was evolved. In the next year Parliamentary powers were granted, and, suitably enough, on Labour Day, May 1, 1936, the first blow was struck.

A new station was to be built 175 yards east, tunnels widened, new lines laid—and all without causing interruption to normal services, nor affecting more than a minimum the busiest roads in London, Aldgate High Street and Whitechapel Road. The plans allowed three years for the work. This month it was in running order five months in advance of schedule.

Half a million trains have passed uninterrupted. Overhead—only a very few feet overhead, 2,000,000 trams have run. You could stand in the tunnel and see the trams running above you on lines shored and wedged up. And there has not been a single accident.

I arrived to study the almost completed work in the best way possible, in the driver's cab of a District train. Approaching Aldgate East slowly I could see exactly what the change-over meant. The simplest way to put it is that Aldgate East and Aldgate can now handle 28 per cent. more traffic, which in the usual rush hours makes an indescribable difference.

In charge of this work since the beginning has been youthful-looking, calm, and methodical Mr. Carsewell. Through the old Kent and Essex Yard, which used to hold three public houses and the old Haymarket, I made my way to a little seventeenth-century cottage which has been Mr. Carsewell's headquarters since the beginning. Here his staff has produced more than 400 intricate plans and drawings and cross-sectional plans.

A pile of them still lay on one table. A desk and two chairs, and an old-fashioned grate with a cheerful fire were the only other features of the little room where most of the work on this £1,000,000 scheme has been done. Mr. Carsewell is not dramatic about the job, to which the finishing touches will have been put by Easter.

He became more animated as he described how the trains had to run on trestles 7 ft. in the air, and actually interested as he described how 1,400 ft. of track were lowered 7 ft. to a new level in seventeen hours.

Nine hundred men worked on the task of removing 1,790 pieces of timber, 140 huge trestles, 153 tons of steel joints, and 650 ft. of corrugated iron hoarding. And the public, who never notice these things, just took it for granted they would be taken safely and comfortably wherever they wanted to go. And the public were right.

And what will the Transport Board get out of this £50,000,000 scheme? Obviously a tremendously increased value and receipts from their already valuable services.

The public may not notice at once, but they get in the habit of comfort.

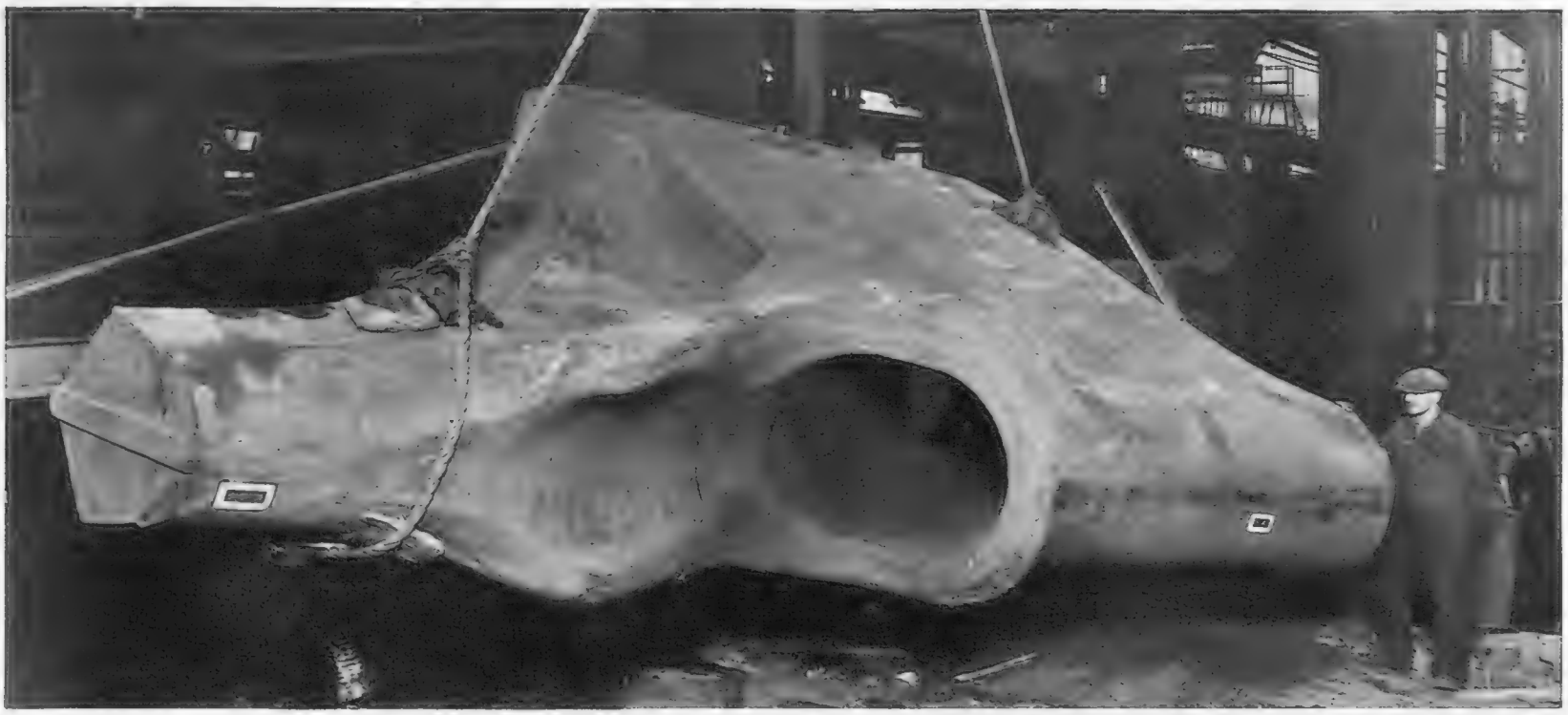
How can I tell? Only that the takings at Aldgate East station have already increased by £100 a week and are still rising.

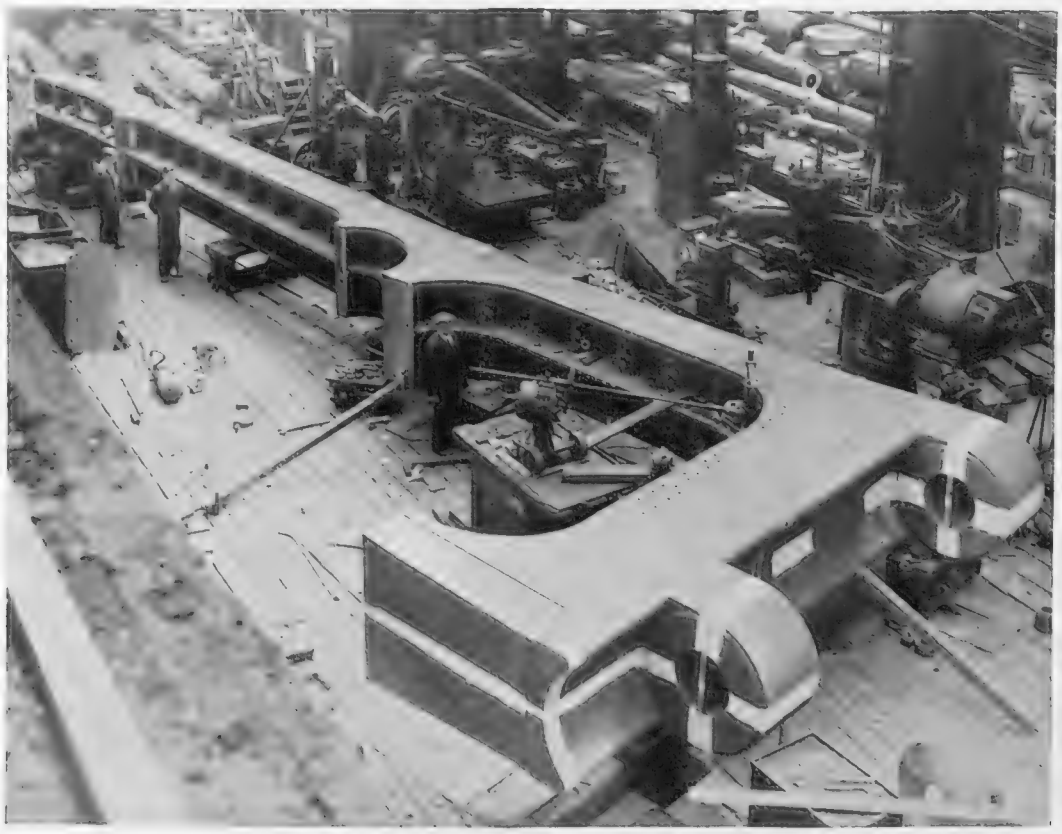
A GREAT ENGINEERING FEAT: This was the scene near Aldgate East as plans were being perfected for lowering 1,400 ft. of track 7 ft. to a new level. On one day the trains were travelling on the trestles above, and 17 hours later they were running on the lower level

THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH'S" MIGHTY HULL CASTINGS

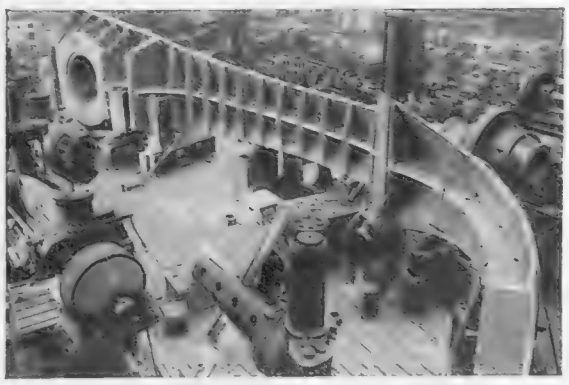
A Glasgow Firm's Contribution to the Great Liner

PHASES IN THE PRODUCTION OF STEEL CASTINGS are demonstrated in these two pictures taken at the Parkhead works, Glasgow, where William Beardmore and Co., Ltd. made the main hull castings for the new Cunard White Star liner *Queen Elizabeth*. *Left*—The wooden patterns for the port and starboard propeller brackets ready for the moulding operations. *Right*—Men engaged in moulding the rudder trunk piece. Messrs. Beardmore have constructed the liner's stem, bow hawse-pipe, stern-frame, rudder, and inner and outer propeller brackets, the whole weighing in the neighbourhood of 600 tons

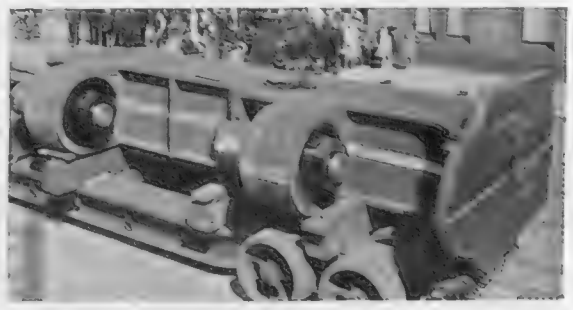




NOT THE THIGH-BONE OF A MASTODON, but the cast-steel bow hawse-pipe of the liner awaiting cleaning operations after it had been cast at Parkhead



A VITAL PART OF THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH'S" SKELETON: A section of the stern-frame. Two men are seen putting all their weight into tightening a nut



ACCURATE TO THE Nth DEGREE: *Above*—A mighty casting for the liner's stern-frame at the Parkhead works, and (*right*) the lower portion of the rudder pictured as it was taken by trailer along a Glasgow street en route to Messrs. John Brown's, where the *Queen Elizabeth's* hull was constructed and where she is now being fitted out in preparation for her maiden voyage. The Beardmore concern was also responsible for hull castings in H.M.S. *Hood*, the largest warship afloat

THE WORLD OF BOOKS: Reviewed by VERNON FANE

BURKE'S STEERAGE

A Lighthearted Compendium Designed at Once to Protect, Inform and Encourage the Aspirant to Sporting Honours

FOR the benefit of the uninstructed and those too-hopeful souls who have accosted the problems of county, as against country, sports without adequate preparation, Mr. T. H. White has been kind enough to publish a **BURKE'S STEERAGE** (Collins. 6s.), designed to protect, inform, and encourage the aspirant to honours in the field. The field of sport, it should hardly be necessary to add. Huntin', fishin', and shootin' are the subjects of Mr. White's scrutiny, and he has illustrated the book himself with witty little thumbnail sketches, and sub-titled it *The Amateur Gentleman's Guide to Noble Sports and Pastimes*.

Let me first of all say something of the greatest importance, namely, that the author is from start to finish on the side of this Amateur Gentleman of his. His object is not to patronise him from the immense height of One who Knows, but to see that in whichever of the three activities he chooses, he has the maximum of pleasure and sport for the most reasonable outlay of money.

He wants his Amateur Gentleman to have a good time, and to help him to it he has been extremely practical as well as inimitably funny. Here he deals with the subject of hunting accessories:—

"Stocks and gloves, like dress ties and shirts, can only be worn once before sending them to the wash. The laundry will then unravel the gloves and you can buy yourself some new ones."

"Many people prefer not to take metal cases in their pockets, having a fanciful objection to being rolled on their sharp edges by horses if they happen to be rolling about. For the same reason a wrist-watch, rather than a pocket watch, is useful for telling you the time at which you may go home, without incurring the reputation of being a coward."

Mr. White sketches a hideous fate for the man who has provided himself with a hunting crop—"not the lady's size, unless, of course, you happen to be a lady"—and has so mismanaged his handling of it in opening a gate that there is no other way of solving the puzzle except jumping over the crop!

The mysteries of "capping," the treatment to expect from hunts of different social degrees, and the problem of buying a hunter are all discussed with a refreshing lack of prejudice. In buying a horse, the author writes: "My method of purchase depends upon a single talent, the faculty for deep and unbroken silence combined with complete inertia."

Fishing—". . . a mystery, a revelation, an El Dorado . . . a visionary quest"—is treated with slightly more reverence, except in the matter of fly-tying. That subject, which forms an appendix to the book—copiously and hilariously illustrated by the author—is for specialists only, or those who like a good laugh.

The habits of ghillies, "past masters in this lovely art," are analysed, and so are the comparative values of salmon streams, which are divided into the Financier's, the Laird of that Ilk's, the Hotel's, and Worm Water, "which is patronised by a solitary solicitor of great age, who caught a salmon there in 1881 while fishing for trout, and has since been back every year (the fishing is free) with a bouquet of worms threaded on enormous hooks."

Shooting has its problems, of which only two are what to wear on your feet and how to avoid getting shot. Both questions are dealt with exhaustively and with sufficient practical sense to see you through your first day's shooting in the proper clothes and with the proper expectation of life. As for the mysterious urges which prompt a man to shoot at all, "we regret to say that the reasons for shooting on any scale at all, except for the farmer's simple reason of going out for a stroll on his neighbour's territory, are of such a psychological nature as to be perfectly unprintable."

"GALLOPER LIGHT IN SECOND CHILDHOOD": One of the many fine pencil sketches in Eric Made-King's book *The Silent Horn: Summer Sketches of Horse and Hound*, which has just been published by Messrs. Collins (price 12s. 6d.). Galloper Light is twenty-one years old and in the opinion of his owner grows younger every day

Since we are within turkey-choosing time of Christmas, I think it helpful to add that this book would be an excellent, and not extravagant, present for that uncle and/or nephew of yours who fishes or hunts or shoots, and an even happier choice for that remarkably intelligent friend of yours who has an Olympian contempt for all three activities.

Again, with the highest ideals of service to others in view, Mr. Nicolas Bentley has devised and illustrated two little notebooks, bound respectively in pink and blue and published by Cobden-Sanderson

These are called **WEEK-END WANTS OF A GUEST** and **WEEK-END WORRIES OF A HOSTESS**, and are intended to direct the behaviour, catering and packing of both parties. Each page is a printed form with inviting blanks to be filled up with intimate information about one's guests or hostesses' "staying" powers.

It is intended that they should be written down for reference, though judging by the specimen which Mr. Bentley has kindly filled out for us, it is unlikely that one would forget such endearing traits in a guest as a liking for burgundy and hymn-singing.

With Mr. Bentley, as with Mr. White, the practical note is stressed, and in a brief appendix the guest is counselled to take trousers and patience cards, and the hostess to provide bicarbonate of soda and collar studs.

One hint: before you pass this entertaining little pair of books on to your dearest friend, don't, however tempting the idea, fill in your frank opinion of his qualities as a guest or host. And, on second thoughts, remember to keep your own carefully annotated copies under lock and key—at least at week-ends!

Mr. Ogden Nash is famous in America, and deservedly, as the author of that admonitory couplet,

"If your socks don't match
Wear spatch,"

and also for a short, or shortish, poem on a baby containing the immortal lines

"A little talcum
Is always walcum."

It will, or it should, be seen from this that Mr. Nash has his own ideas about rhyme, and that he must have decided early in his career to adapt the words to the medium and not, as more conventional poets have done, vice versa. His verse is free, topical and funny, and for that last statement I have no need of his assurance on the wrapper of his new volume of poetry, **I'M A STRANGER HERE MYSELF** (Gollancz. 6s.)

Mr. Nash's range of subject is as wide as his rhymes are odd, but two titles, and poems, that I particularly liked were "Cat Naps are Too Good for Cats" and "I'm Terribly Sorry for You, But I Can't Help Laughing."

With restraint worthy of one of the quieter Trappists I will only quote one poem, and that the shortest of the collection. It is addressed to the Ant.

"The ant has made himself illustrious
Through constant industry industrious.
So what?
Would you be calm and placid
If you were full of formic acid?"

Nor has Mr. Nash reformed his rhyming habits. Here is the rhyme to end all rhymes, surely,

"Oh, sometimes I sit around and think,
what would you do if you were up a
dark alley and there was Caesar Borgia,
And he was coming torgia . . ."

In addition to the books reviewed above by Vernon Fane, the Editor draws the attention of readers to the following new publications which pressure on space prevents from being treated more fully.

Himalayan Quest, edited by Paul Bauer (*Nicholson and Watson. 21s.*): The story of the German expeditions to Siniolchum and Nanga Parbat.

Comrades and Citizens, by Seema Rynin Allan (*Gollancz. 10s. 6d.*): A writer's experiences of everyday life in Soviet Russia.

The Spanish Arena, by William Foss and Cecil Gerahty (*John Gifford, Ltd. 18s.*): This purports to be "an authentic guide, through the maze of propaganda, on the Civil War in Spain." The foreword is by the Duke of Alba; the frontispiece is of General Franco. Potential readers may draw their own conclusions.

My Irish Sketch Book, written and illustrated by Lionel Edwards, R.I. (*Collins. 21s.*): Here the king of all sporting painters gives us of his best in a colourful record of sport in Ireland. His depiction of the fearsome banks in some of the hunting countries is an outstanding feature.

Homage (*Geoffrey Bles. 30s.*): This magnificently produced book illustrates the work of Lady Kennet, one of our most accomplished contemporary sculptors. The commentary is by Stephen Gwynn.

Australian Parrots, by Neville W. Cayley, F.R.Z.S. (*Angus and Robertson. 15s.*): An important book for the ornithologist. The scale illustrations in colour are excellent.

The Truth about the Peace Treaties, by David Lloyd George (*Victor Gollancz. 18s.*): This is the second volume of the great statesman's exhaustive analysis of a subject that may for a long while to come be right in the forefront of the news.

Costume and Fashion, by Herbert Norris (*J. M. Dent. 63s.*, two books): These books constitute the third volume of Mr. Norris's magnificent work, the first volume having appeared in 1924 and the second in 1927. Volume three deals with the Tudor period and is illustrated with many plates in colour.

The Dome of Devotion, by Glorney Bolton (*Peter Davies. 15s.*): A record of the great personalities associated with St. Paul's Cathedral, revealing the vital part that the shrine has played in our history.

CHILDREN IN CHALK: These two delightfully eloquent sketches, in many ways reminiscent of the work of Phil May, are taken from Marcia Lane Foster's book *Let's Do It*, issued by Collins (10s. 6d.). Chalk is her medium and she concentrates above all on economy of line. An ideal Christmas gift book this

PEOPLE in the LIMELIGHT

SCOTS FORGATHER: Lady Mary Stewart and Mr. John Stewart Lewis were among the many guests at the eighteenth St. Andrew's Eve ball which was given at Grosvenor House in aid of the Mothers' and Babies' Annexe of the Royal Free Hospital

TO HONEYMOON IN THE SOUTH SEAS: Twenty-three-year-old Joyce Bishop and twenty-one-year-old Patrick Forbes who, following their marriage, will cruise in the Pacific

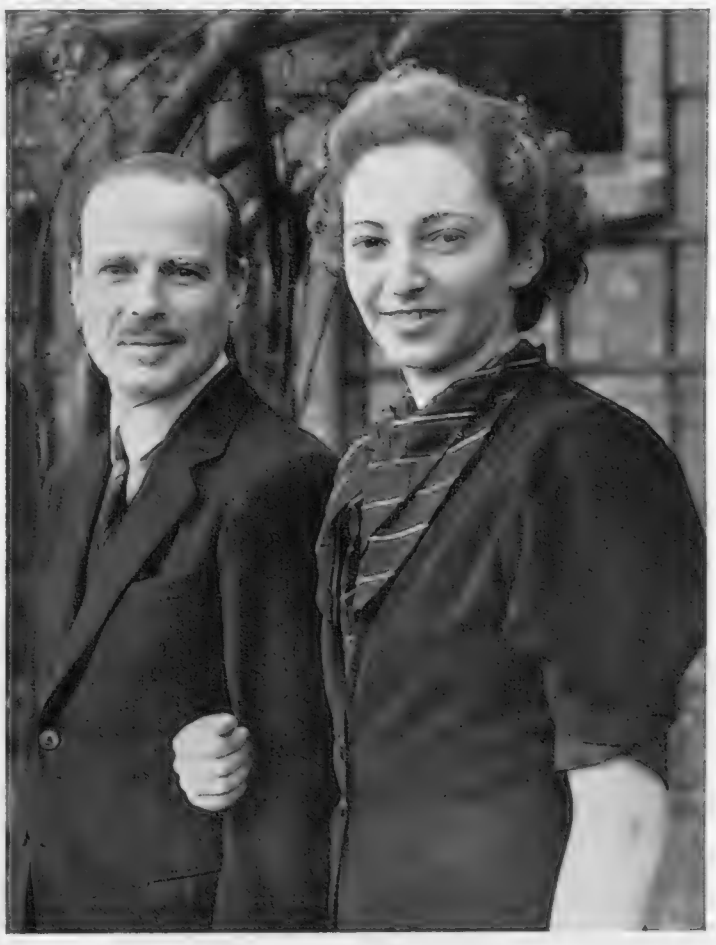
FASHION FOR FOILISTS: This smart cape, with velvet collar and chain clasp, was worn by Miss Crystal Christie, of the Penguin team, at the annual Inter-Salle Tournament held last week at Bertrand's Academy, London. Nearly 100 women, representing twenty-one teams, took part in the competition, including that brilliant player, Miss G. Neligan

On left—CHINESE PRODIGY: Eight-year-old Plato Chan, shown here with his sister Christina, is holding an exhibition of his work at the Cooling Galleries, where it was opened last week by the Chinese Ambassador. His drawings, one of which can be seen on the wall in the background, are remarkably mature. He is particularly skilled in depicting action, which is often a well-marked feature of juvenile genius

On right—DONALD BUDGE TURNS PROFESSIONAL: The world amateur lawn tennis champion watched by Ellsworth Vines (standing), former Wimbledon champion, Jack Harris (left), the Chicago promoter, and Walter Pate (right), non-playing captain of the United States Davis Cup team, as he signed a £15,000 contract in which he undertakes to make a five-month tour of the United States, starting on January 3 at Madison Square Garden

On left—EMBASSY CAMEO: Young Bobbie Kennedy, one of the nine children of the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, casts an admiring glance at his mother as he prepares for bed and she prepares to leave for an official banquet. The Kennedys have been in London less than a year, but in that short time have wrought many a change in diplomatic custom, dispensing in particular with certain outworn formalities. Only a few days ago Mr. Kennedy created a diplomatic precedent by appearing in the auction room and bidding for—and securing two Lancret pictures. He also intends to visit the Randolph Hearst sale on December 14, when some valuable silverware will be offered

On right—TO WED: Mr. Adrian Welles Beecham, son of conductor Sir Thomas Beecham, pictured with his fiancee, Miss Barbara Joyce Cairn, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Stratford Tollemache



"DON CARLOS" AT SADLER'S WELLS:

Margaret Barry as Tebaldo and Edith Coates as Princess Eboli in Verdi's opera *Don Carlos* which was presented on December 6 at Sadler's Wells, the proceeds of the opening performance going to the funds of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital. This is the first time the opera has ever been produced in English, and it is a piece which deserves wider fame

THE late Olive Schreiner, whose novel, *The Story of an African Farm*, evoked much admiration among literary folk and even more indignation among the unco' guid in Victorian times, was careful to explain that her work was life in the rough—and possibly life in the dull—with few, if any, theatrical elements about it. Dr. Merton Hodge, in undertaking a dramatised version in the face of such formidable official dissuasion, has shown, therefore, more bravery than wisdom. If bravery is rewarded as bravery always deserves to be, large audiences over a long period at the New Theatre will hearten Dr. Hodge. It is neither lack of pluck nor lack of skill but simply the circumstances of the case which make this desirable consummation doubtful, to say the least of it.

GEORGE ROBEY WEDS: The comedian and his bride, Blanche Littler, who is also his manager, leaving Marylebone Register Office following their marriage. Mr. Robey is sixty-nine

I have not read Miss Schreiner's novel. That may be a serious cultural omission but not necessarily a fault when a play as a play is under consideration. A play should tell its own yarn, as all plays based on novels should do and as all of them must do if they are to be a success. In this case it would be pretty safe to bet against anyone being able to explain precisely and in detail what story Miss Schreiner and her African farm had to tell. Love affairs were obviously going wrong; but that was the only point which was obvious or even intelligible. A young Englishman became engaged to Em, a young girl on that Boer farm; unfortunately, when her half-sister, Lyndall, arrived, he promptly fell in love with her. Lyndall did not reciprocate because there was another man, whom, however, she did not love sufficiently to marry, though one gathered she had a baby by him.

The domineering Tant Sannie had selected as her husband a seedy and sadistic scoundrel named (believe it or not) Bonaparte Blenkins, but found him making love to somebody else. Bonaparte's side-line was setting about a harmless and book-loving youth with a dog-whip.

Lyndall seems to be marked out as the leading figure in the story, which closes abruptly with her death in a farm-waggon. Although Miss Curigwen Lewis does her clever best to establish her as such, she is defeated by the fact that nearly everything in Lyndall's life, except the end of it, happens off-stage. Miss Alexis France makes an oddly pathetic figure of the deserted Em; Mr. Aubrey Dexter's only course with the preposterous Bonaparte is to play him in a vein of extravagant and Dickensian fantasy; Miss Mary Clare is probably right in displaying Tant Sannie as a grossly materialistic

Current Drama

AN AFRICAN ON THE

embodiment of ill-temper; and brilliant Miss Barbara Gott is wasted on a few negligible lines in a wedding scene.

Mr. Basil Dean, faced with as unsatisfactory a play as any skilled producer has ever had to tackle, has concentrated on both "atmosphere" and effective detail with immense success. His treatment of a Boer wedding, with a whole platoon of Paul Krugers, provides a lively moment; never since *Boris Godounov* have I seen so many beards on any stage at the same time. Another telling episode, if rather spun-out, was the consumptive death of Lyndall, which had a touch of *La Bohème* about it—if one can imagine Mimi dying in a waggon without a note of Puccini.

The musical analogy prompts me to add that Mr. Ernest Irving's incidental and other selections could not have been more appropriate.

"Twelfth Night" (Phœnix). — In my schooldays I was taught to regard *Twelfth Night* as an immensely funny play, and to laugh dutifully at it. The Archbishop of Canterbury was in the second row of the stalls at the first night of the revival at the Phœnix and was so manifestly enjoying himself that I would not be surprised to learn that he was in the first row on the second night. The presence of His Grace (who looked strong and healthy enough to have walked from Lambeth Palace) recalled me to a sense of duty, so I laughed and laughed. Not, I fear, with any degree of sincerity, for I cannot for the life of me see that *Twelfth Night*, though in some respects a very beautiful play, is to any degree a funny one

Practical jokes played on people who, like Malvolio, take themselves seriously are comparable with putting down a banana-skin for a bishop (or even an archbishop) to slip on; those who can split their sides over such episodes should be congratulated or sympathised with, according to one's point of view. They must exist in plenty, and on the evening in question, the Phœnix Theatre was full of them. So much the better for all concerned.

The revival, though this, as do all the productions of M. Michel Saint-Denis, showed high intelligence, was not perfection. I would call it "Eleventh Night" in this respect and leave it at that. The setting had an intrinsic monotony about it, and as one saw a great deal of that setting it became even tedious. The lovely songs were sung by a tenor who, perhaps, was not in good voice. Some of the verse was spoken too confidentially and some not musically

Miss Peggy Ashcroft, on the other hand, spoke her lines with an exquisite distinction, and in tones which were a joy to the listener. Distinct she always was as a Shakespearean actress, and has now immeasurably improved in that, whether consciously or no, she has shed completely an irritating trick of ultra-refinement which used to make her rather

THE SEASIDE LANDLADY . . .

Douglas Byng, prince of comedy impersonators, presenting his seaside landlady sketch at the Westminster Palace Rooms where he appeared with great success in the cabaret given at the Illustrated Newspapers dance. In answer to encores he treated the audience to those inimitable old favourites, "The Lady Mayoress" and "Flora Macdonald"

FARM LONDON STAGE

More Bravery than Wisdom in Presenting a Dramatised Version of Olive Schreiner's Famed Novel: A Brilliant Story that is Lacking in Theatrical Elements

By PHILIP PAGE

schoolmistressy. Her Viola is an admirable performance—graceful, vigorous, and yet most womanishly timid in the duel scene.

There have, I note, been one or two objections on the score that in the disguise episodes she did not look like a boy. Of course she didn't. How could she? Has any actress (unless an unpleasant freak, and such I know not) ever looked like a boy? It would indeed be a shock and a surprise if in the forthcoming Christmas pantomimes all the principal boys looked male. Miss Ashcroft's Viola, the attractive and essential femininity of which is only one of its many assets, is the best thing she has yet done far in advance, I think, of her recent Portia.

A surprise, and a pleasant one, was Mr. Michael Redgraves's Sir Andrew. Not many good-looking and essentially he-man young actors elect to play this part, which is usually given to the elderly or to those associated with "character" work. I would not say that he made Sir Andrew notably amusing, but he did make him an interesting, an occasionally diverting, and sometimes even a pathetic type of ninny, wearing the quaintest of clothes and a wig like Miss Frances Day's hair.

Mr. George Devine's Sir Toby was "simply devine" in that it was a well-thought-out conception of the part with some new points in it; far too often Sir Toby is played as a sort of minor Falstaff. What is more, he was shown as a gentleman as well as a buffoon, which may possibly be a snobbish observation, though justified by the fact that it is not always realised that Shakespeare intended his knights, even when labelled comic, to show an aristocratic streak here and there and to be clowns of a different flavour from Snout and Starveling and Dogberry and those abominable bores, the Gobbos, *père et fils*.

Miss Vera Lindsay's Olivia, uncommonly tall and most divinely dark, never left aristocracy in doubt. Mr. William Devlin, with the smallest job of work this fine actor has had for a long time, made the most of the sea captain. Mr. George Hayes showed the necessary pompousness as Malvolio and was particularly good when reading the letter. Among other first-rate contributions was Mr. Basil Langton's Sebastian—and what a Sebastian!—and the charm of the delicious old play was well preserved throughout.

DEANNA DURBIN BACK AGAIN:

Hollywood's popular juvenile star in an episode with sophisticated Melvyn Douglas in their latest picture, *That Certain Age*, which was presented at the Leicester Square Theatre on December 8. Deanna has to play the part of Douglas's school-girl worshipper whose brilliant wiles save him from the unflagging and quite wearisome attentions of society folk

THE CRAZY DUELLISTS . . .

Artie Ash and Stanley Lupino in just one of the many bright incidents in the crazy duelling scene from *The Fleet's Lit Up*, the successful musical show at the London Hippodrome. By courtesy of George Black, members of the cast came to the Illustrated Newspapers dance to present this sketch. Florence Desmond and Bob Dupont, the juggler, also appeared

"Room for Two."—*Room for Two*, Gilbert Wakefield's farce, deserves higher praise than any statement that it is funnier than *Twelfth Night*, even if it is hardly likely to live along the centuries. What is more important for those concerned is that it is piling up centuries at the Comedy Theatre. I first saw this play at Kew, and the general impression was that it would in due course come to the West End.

And, lo, it was so. Moreover, this admirable fooling—rather naughty fooling at times—about a young man who followed the married woman he adored half over Europe in the guise of her lady's-maid—has settled down into a solid success. It should be a vast attraction in the Christmas holidays and should be attracting audiences well into the new year. The original cast remains substantially the same, except that Mr. Michael Shepley, the *mari complaisant* No. 2, has gone to the Shaftesbury to play a schoolmaster in *Mr. Chips*.

Mr. Hugh (no-relation-to-Gilbert) Wakefield is funnier than ever and Mr. Henry Kendall's female impersonation displays the whole art of how not to overdo it, with the result that it is a most joyous business. Miss Elsie Randolph was brilliant at Kew, though with a few slight flaws, hardly surprising considering that this is her first leading non-musical role. These have long since been eliminated. Miss Randolph need never return to musical-comedy or revue unless she wants to. But I want her to want to.

IN LONDON NOW: Two brief extracts of recent reviews in THE SPHERE by Philip Page—**"QUIET WEDDING"—WYNDHAM'S:** "The lines do not sparkle with the wit of a Wilde or a Sheridan, but they move along neatly and naturally. The author's chief asset is that she is never a bore, and I may well leave it at that." **"GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS."—SHAFTESBURY:** "This stage version, by the author and Barbara Burnham, of Mr. James Hilton's touching and popular little school-yarn, seemed to cause plenty of pleasure all round on the first night of its production at the Shaftesbury. It pleased the public-school brigade, who took it (as it should be taken) quite seriously; it also pleased, even more obviously, the non-public-school brigade, who waxed awfully funny and clever in the intervals about the old school tie and all that sort of thing (and, ye gods, what a long, long innings those jests have had!)."

A NEW SERVICE FOR LONDON CINEMA PATRONS is provided at the Odeon, Leicester Square, where charming Maria Taylor, who can speak eight languages, is acting as interpreter

NOVEL ROAD-MAKING MACHINE: This new appliance is being used for laying the concrete surface of the new Crawley, Sussex, by-pass. After being filled with cement, the machine, which runs on rails, lays it on the wire mesh of the road foundations and levels out the surface

THE VAUXHALL "12" - FOUR

A Car In Which All the Latest Features Are Incorporated to Advantage

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

RETURNING home by train one night recently I noticed that my fellow passenger beside me was reading what I thought was a new pocket-size magazine. Somehow or other most people are inquisitive when travelling by rail and so, not being an exception to the rule, I asked the name of the new magazine and was duly informed that it was not a periodical but a car catalogue, the car in question being the new Vauxhall Twelve-Four. In producing this catalogue the Vauxhall Company have definitely set a new style, for the little book not only tells the reader what the car will do but also why it does it. I have no doubt that the chief reason why the Vauxhall Company produced such an interesting magazine-book about the Twelve-Four was because they felt that the car itself was rather remarkable.

The other day I had an opportunity of covering a good number of miles at the wheel of one of these Vauxhalls. I have been driving cars, small, medium and large, for thirty years and I cannot remember being more impressed with a motor vehicle than I was with this new Twelve-Four Vauxhall. Before I say much about the various features of the car I would like to mention that the suspension amazed me perhaps more than anything else. Whether I am telling the truth or not I cannot say, but I imagine that I always take corners carefully, principally because I do not enjoy the feeling of the car heeling over.

The first evening I had this Vauxhall the atmosphere was rather foggy and I suddenly found myself going round a corner on the Guildford by-pass, which I had mistaken for another in the mist, at a speed which in normal circumstances I would never attempt. I definitely frightened myself, until to my amazement the car kept perfectly level and went round the curve just as if I had been going along a straight road. I was immediately impressed and was so tickled with the experience that I took several other corners at a far greater speed than I have ever driven on any other car. On all occasions the Vauxhall went round as if on rails.

On looking up the catalogue I find that the car is fitted with independent springing in the front and soft semi-elliptic springs at the rear. The chief feature of the independent front suspension is a torsion bar which is not quite so common as other systems. I cannot remember whether I have driven a 12-h.p. car with independent suspension previously but I am inclined to think that when a system such as the Vauxhall have adopted is used on a car weighing under 1 ton, the effect is more apparent. Many large cars which are fitted with independent front suspension appear to me to offer little improvement on the older system of semi-elliptic springs.

The next amazing feature of this Vauxhall Twelve-Four is that in spite of being capable of approximately 70 m.p.h. and of providing ample room for five people it only consumes petrol at the rate of 35 miles to the gallon. Although the manufacturers provided the car I drove with a small fuel tank for testing consumption, I did not use it, for I felt that they would not have placed such a facility at my disposal if they were not completely certain that their statement would be confirmed by actual test. I can say that I ran the car over a sufficient distance to make it necessary for me to replenish the fuel tank and I can state that I was surprised to find that the replenishment had not to be made long before it was desirable.

Another satisfying point is the smoothness of what is really a very powerful engine considering its size. From the actual running of the car few people could say with certainty whether it was a 4- or 6-cylinder engine without lifting up the bonnet. I thought I would look up the magazine-catalogue to see if I could extract any information therefrom as to why the engine should run so smoothly. Well, there are many reasons given for this very desirable feature but perhaps the most interesting is that a source of roughness in a motor-car engine is frequently caused by uneven burning of the petrol vapour. Someone had to be very scientific to find that out, but anyway the result of this discovery is that the pistons in the engine of this car are of an extraordinary shape. Certainly, I have never seen a piston like it before, and had I not driven a car with such pistons fitted I might have thought that they would never work properly.

The acceleration is definitely satisfactory and here the special Vauxhall carburettor plays an important part. This is a very scientific instrument and provides what the makers term "six-phase carburation." The brakes, too, are good and inspire the greatest confidence, in fact with them a driver can make use of all the power the engine provides him with, without taking any undue risks.

These remarks of mine are not about an expensive motor car. In fact the car in its ordinary standard form of a saloon costs under £200. It has certainly given a lead to the motor industry and I think that those responsible for its production are to be complimented on their success.

THE MODEL IN QUESTION: A Vauxhall "12"-Four similar to the one which Mr. Bradley tested and which he reviews in the accompanying article

From time to time there have been suggestions made that drivers who commit motoring offences should be dealt with on the spot by the police, as is done in some countries. No doubt such a procedure would effectively reduce the work of the courts and it would save much time for the offender. It appears, however, that the R.A.C. have been going into the matter quite deeply and they have arrived at certain conclusions which, I think, will be found to be in agreement with the views of most fair-minded Britishers.

The first difficulty is that the law of England has for many centuries presumed a person to be innocent until he is proved guilty. Needless to say, "the fines on the spot" system would be quite contrary to that principle, and any alteration to the fundamentals of our legal system would undoubtedly be a very serious matter for the country in general. It is far from safe to assume that everyone who is summoned for a contravention of one or other of the thousand motoring regulations is guilty. Indeed, the R.A.C., who defend many thousands of their members each year, register the number of acquittals as about 30 per cent. of the total. Obviously, if the police had power to inflict a monetary punishment on the spot this 30 per cent. would have been undoubtedly poorer.

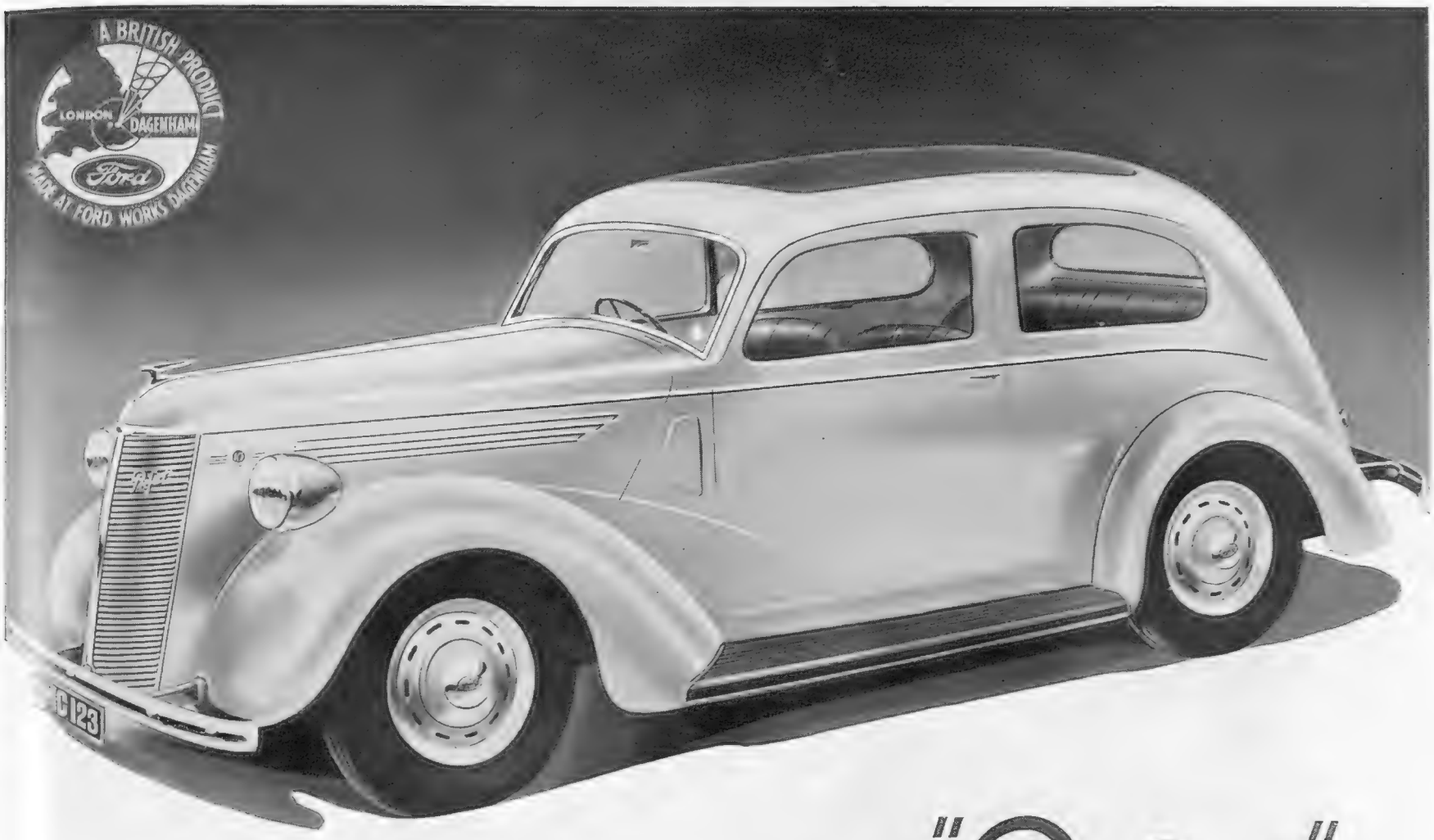
Then again, the R.A.C. rightly point out that a very large number of people who are alleged to have contravened the regulations only receive a written warning from the police, and here again the suggested quick dispensing of justice would have robbed—in 1937, at any rate—over 110,000 people.

The Mayor and Corporation of Brighton have invited the Royal Automobile Club to hold their rally at that favourite seaside resort next year. The organising club have accepted this invitation and so Brighton will be the rallying point for this popular event in 1939. Previously, competitors have started from various places and seldom met each other until they arrived at their final destination. It is now suggested that there will be only four starting points and that all competitors will converge on Scarborough about twelve hours after they have commenced their drive.

After a short breather for refreshment they will be dispatched over a route of approximately 200 miles, mainly running through the Yorkshire and Derbyshire moors. In this stretch there will be a "colonial" section, but competitors will not be forced to go over this real rough stuff unless they so desire, but if they leave it out they will incur the penalty of losing some marks. That day's run will terminate at Buxton where the competitors will stay the night.

The rest of the programme follows very closely that of previous years and finally the whole event will terminate with a coachwork competition which will take place on Brighton's well-known Riviera Drive.

A HILL MAKES WAY FOR A ROAD: A picture showing the progress which has been made with the new Winchester by-pass road, which, when completed, will greatly speed up traffic to the coast



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Separate locker enclosing spare wheel;
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Both front seats adjustable on D.-E. Saloon;
Self-cancelling direction-indicators, with switch on steering-wheel;
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Sun-visor, or glare-guard, with vanity mirror;
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Overall length: 12 ft. 11½ ins.;
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DO YOU KNOW . . . ? In the sixteenth century a lawful English "rod," as used for land-measurement, was the aggregate length of the left feet of 16 average men, lined-up as they left church on a Sunday morning.

Good enough for the sixteenth century perhaps; but at Dagenham today Ford cars and Fordson commercial vehicles are manufactured under the check of precision gauges that will measure to a two-millionth of an inch.

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Good Wine and Noble Spirits Make You See Life at Its Best

1. A really fine liqueur Scotch whisky is a great help, particularly if it is "Glen Moray '93." If your wine merchant has not got it, Macdonald and Muir, Ltd., Queen's Dock, Leith, Edinburgh, 6, will dispatch it immediately. It costs 13s. 6d. a bottle—but it is well worth that small extra amount. **2.** And to go with it, as with all fine spirits, Schweppes, of course. In addition to their Soda Water, their Quinine Tonic Water, their Sparkling Lime, their Grape Fruit, and their Ginger Ale are firm favourites. **3.** The perfect finish to a well-planned meal—Cusenier's Liqueurs, Apricot Brandy, Freezomint, or Crème de Cacao—all of them delicious. **4.** Hedges and Butler, 153, Regent Street, W., will dispatch large or small orders of the choicest wines, champagnes, Scotch whiskies, brandies, etc., to any address. Their price list provides inspiration. **5.** Prepared since 1745 from a recipe brought to Scotland by Prince Charlie, Drambuie is a liqueur with an exquisite bouquet that appeals to men and women alike. **6.** Bolskummel is the original Dutch caraway liqueur, world-famous not only for its magnificent aroma and flavour, but also for its digestive value. **7.** Drinks without smokes are unthinkable. Give your guests Craven "A" cork-tipped cigarettes. Exceptionally cool and smooth to the throat, they cost 2s. for 40, or there are tins of 50 for 2s. 6d., 100 for 5s., and 150 for 7s. 6d., all in specially decorated packings. **8.** There is all the difference in the world between gin and Booth's Dry Gin. Give a two-, three-, six-, or twelve-bottle case of Booth's, and be sure that you are giving the best. **9.** Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy, grand after a morning in the wintry sunshine, perfect at a party, is packed in special gift hampers. Write to Thomas Grant and Sons, Ltd., The Distillery, Maidstone, Kent, if your wine merchant is unable to supply it. **10.** And finally, an all-time winner—Johnnie Walker. Send a special Christmas case decorated with greetings and sprigs of holly and holding two, three, six, or twelve bottles. All you have to do is write the label and graciously accept the thanks.

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ITALY

have good reason to be thankful for the Alps. While Northern Europe shivers, Italy is bathed in sunshine; cold winds cannot pass the great mountain barrier. Blue skies prevail from the vast ski-ing slopes of the Alps and Dolomites to the flower-scented shores of the Riviera, the Bay of Naples and Sicily.

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WHAT HUNGARY IS THINKING

(Continued from page 422)

Hitler, but "play ball" with him, a game of mutual reliance which would naturally be of the greatest significance did war befall. Let us take a glance around:—

The present big stick in Czechoslovakia, Foreign Minister Chvalkovsky, has positively declared that he will pursue a Fascist policy based on closest friendship with Rome.

Yugoslavia, under Premier Stojadinovic, if not Prince Paul, is carrying on entirely in harmony with Fascism, if officially the policy be that of the "good neighbour" to all.

King Boris is wedded to an Italian and is tied to Germany more than any other economically.

AN ITALIAN ARTIST LOOKS AT ENGLAND: "Bolt Head and Bolt Tail from Salcombe, Devon." A picture by Piero Sansalvadore in the exhibition he is now holding at the galleries of the Fine Art Society in New Bond St. Sansalvadore employs the palette-knife technique, believing that it is possible to reach a very high pitch of brilliancy through using oil colours on unprepared wooden panels without the addition, during the process of painting, of any oil or other "medium"

Greece is under a German-inspired dictatorship. Her King is most friendly to Britain, but all these kings are, the fact being that this does not count as much as it did. What counts can perhaps be summarised as follows:—

"Germany is the big thing now for us. With no money but apparently by sheer wit she has got all ready to expand as no European nation ever did before. She's alive and kicking, knows what she's out for. Take still backward Turkey, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria. Well, the Germans studied what they most wanted—not necessarily armaments, as other exporters seemed glued to—and they are going to provide them. Great international roads, telephone and telegraph systems, industrial equipment, notably for public works, such as bridges and power plant; and German engineers shall travel with the goods.

"The trio under this development will reciprocally provide from their own products, now carefully guided, what the Reich needs. Much may be by barter. If the great plan succeeds, Germany should in the future have her dominions on her doorstep!

"Just think how we are being tied up with Germany. Her exports in the last five years have risen: to Hungary, 20 to 28 per cent.; Yugoslavia, 13 to 35 per cent.; Rumania, 18 to 31 per cent.; Bulgaria, 36 to 51 per cent.; Greece, 10 to 28 per cent.; Turkey, 25 to 50 per cent. During the same period the Germans also developed into amazing buying clients of these same countries. So how *can* we hold off Hitler influence and more? Especially when he shoots farther ahead of his latest export and import figures with us."

People who speak like this—and they have got it cut and dried in newspaper offices—seem too polite to add a thought in the back of their minds: "*We* are not afraid of being taken in hand by Nazi Germany on a successful basis of give-and-take. But you in the west *are* afraid of the tremendously strengthened Germany that will result from her co-operation with us."

This is, I fear, a tortuous story since I have not yet touched on Poland, Rumania, and on Russia, each of which is very much a facet of the mosaic, as seen from Budapest.

Concerning Poland's chances of voluntarily and comfortably fitting into the Hitlerian expansionist plan *nach sudosten*, opinion varies. Many think Poland is in for a thin time, knows it, and for that reason is going drastic in her internal laws. Few applauded the grabbing of Teschen from a down-and-out neighbour who had simplified Polish rehabilitation with the famous Czech legions. But the point about Poland, of course, is that she holds large German minorities, and that now she retains few if any friends. Can Colonel Beck stick on to the expanding colossus? Does the latter wish so?

King Carol, on a precarious throne, is deemed to be astutely out for selling Rumanian products to the highest bidders, and let them all come, while at the same time making it understood that if he, too, is out for the "good neighbour" policy, nobody, however mighty, Nazis or Russians, will be permitted to tread an inch of national territory nor interfere one iota in domestic affairs. Further, while wanting most resolutely to keep clear of any war, on the principle of "once bitten," the King is against any territorial or population revision, to which process he thinks one never can fix an end.

There is Hungary clamant: no matter: Rumania shall remain as is. My own impression is that presently King Carol will begin playing ball with Berchtesgaden, even as the others around him. It seems to me he will have to find a protector at some time, somewhere, to replace "Paris–Londres." His earth is so wantable.

Russia? What is the Big Bear doing in all this, or thinking, planning?

The last, severest blow to the democracies would be if Stalin or a successor went in for removing his Jews from public office, thereby preparing the way for a complementary rapprochement with the Nazis.

"JOANNA RODD": One of the striking drawings by Mary Rodd in the exhibition of her work which is being held from December 7 to December 17 at 31, Grove End Road, London, N.W.8

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Will readers of THE SPHERE who are going to send donations to charities this Christmas please remember the work of the above Society, that is maintaining and training 1,165 poor boys and girls. For over ninety-five years this Society has been training poor children to become useful men and women. In the Training Ship *Arethusa* poor boys are trained for a life at sea and will enter the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. The boys in the Homes are trained for definite trades and will always be employable, while the girls are prepared for domestic service. Donations and legacies are most urgently needed to help carry on this great work and donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the headquarters at Room 6, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. The Society does not engage door-to-door collectors.

This England . . .

Nr. Tideswell—Derbyshire

THERE is nought more English than the old names of measures, still used for things essential to good living. Those whose business it is still speak of a tod of wool, or a clove of cheese, and northern folk sell windles or nobbets of wheat. Onions are bought by the poke, cucumbers by the flat and mushrooms by the pottle. More obvious is the furlong or furrow-long—being the distance an ox could plow without pause; and more humorous the essayist Lamb, who computed distances walked by pints consumed. And once, three barley-corns went to the inch. To-day a generous quantum of malted barley-corn and sun-kissed hops, brewed with Burton water, make a Worthington—a very old English measure of good living and used by folk in all parts.

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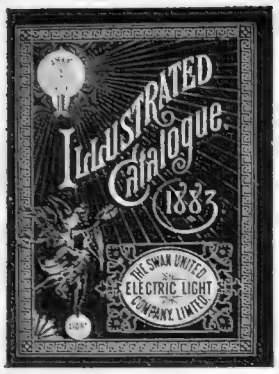


WHEN ELECTRIC LIGHTING WAS IN ITS INFANCY: This is the frontispiece of a facsimile copy of the catalogue issued in 1883 by the Swan United Electric Light Company, Ltd.

SIXTY YEARS OF ELECTRIC LIGHTING

An Exhibition Commemorating the Great Pioneering Efforts of Swan and Edison

JUST sixty years ago Sir Joseph Swan made the first practical incandescent lamp, exhibiting it in that year at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and his achievement, combined with that of Thomas Alva Edison, who worked upon parallel lines in the United States, created a revolution in the realm of lighting.

In 1883 the Edison and Swan organisations, instead of fighting a costly battle for supremacy, joined forces, and since then the Edison Swan Electric Company has progressed from strength to strength.

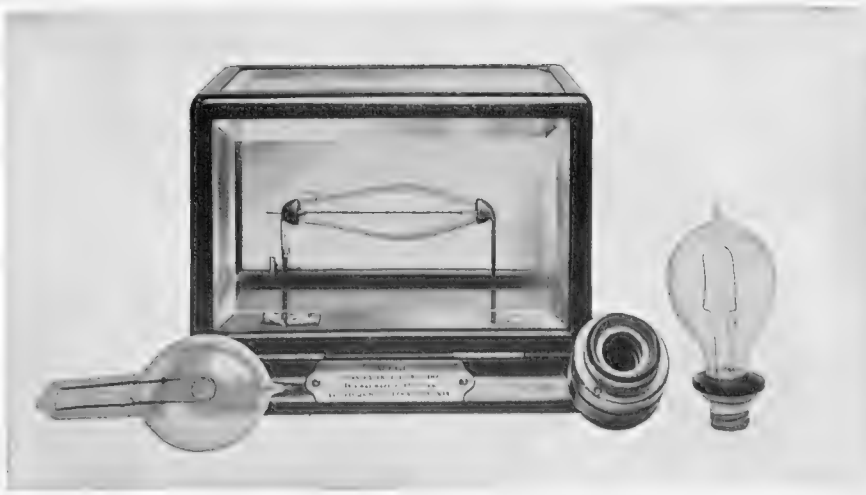
To mark this sixtieth anniversary, the Ediswan Collection of Historic Electric Lamps—the most complete collection of its kind—was recently placed on exhibition at 155, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2. In this collection may be seen the successive stages in the history of domestic electric lighting, and the development of incandescent electric lamps for all practical lighting purposes. Every lamp is a genuine survival of the days when it was "the last word." Some of the lamps have been in use, others are "new" lamps retained purely as specimens.

IN THE LIKENESS OF QUEEN VICTORIA: A novelty lamp made for the Diamond Jubilee and now included in the Ediswan collection of historic lamps. It has a carbon filament of unspecified candle power

This collection is intended to be permanently open to free public view. It will be developed, augmented and as carefully watched over as any national museum. It is hoped that it will become a recognised source of reference for the student, interest for the layman, and instruction for the school-child.

An outstanding figure at the inauguration of the exhibition was Mr. E. A. Gimingham, who is a director of the Edison Swan Electric Company, and one of its oldest members, having joined Sir Joseph Swan in 1884. Mr. Gimingham has been responsible for many notable developments in the incandescent electric lamp. Perhaps the most remarkable event he recalls took place at one of the trials to uphold the patent rights of the Edison Swan Company, when the High Court Judge ruled that the company must prove its ability to make the lamps which it claimed it could make. It was only possible to do this in the company's factory, so the entire court personnel, including judge and jury, adjourned to the Ediswan factory at Ponders End, where Mr. Gimingham with his own hands made lamps to the specifications of the patents.

To appreciate fully what it was that Edison and Swan achieved, the following facts should be remembered. For perhaps fifty years prior to 1878 scientists were experimenting with various kinds of filaments in bulbs both exhausted and non-exhausted. None of them met with any success. The problem was to split up the large electrical units employed in arc lighting, which had attained a measure of success for outdoor illumination, and produce smaller units just sufficient to render incandescent a comparatively tiny filament suitable for the incandescent lamp. This alone would bring electric lighting into the domestic sphere. Edison and Swan, each working in his own way, achieved this, and thus their names will for ever remain honoured in the world of electrical engineering.



RELICS OF THE PIONEERING DAYS: In the centre is the first incandescent electric lamp, made about the year 1877 by Sir Joseph Swan. On the left is the first Swan commercial lamp and on the right the earliest form of Edison lamp (1881–2)

A GIANT ELECTRIC LAMP beside a lamp slightly smaller than the standard model of to-day

328. 9 ct. Gold Cigar Piercer and Sheath £4 10 0

The "Gifts" Catalogue will be sent upon request.

309. Gold Key Chain
9 ct. £5 0 0 18 ct. £11 10 0

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Links, per pair £2 0 0
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To hold	6	£15 15 0	6	£17 10 0	10	£26 10 0	6	£11 0 0
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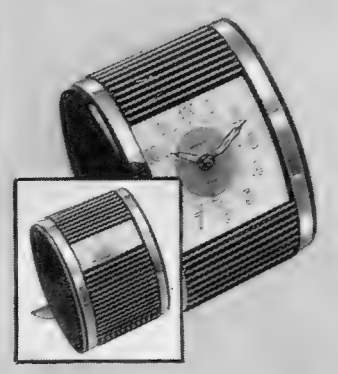
IT would be so unlike Christmas without THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *THE SPHERE* for all in the house to enjoy. The next time you visit your bookstall or regular newsagent, ask for a copy to be reserved for you . . . and we have no doubt he will gladly deliver it to your home. A heavy demand is anticipated, so we venture to suggest that you act early. If your regular newsagent is on the telephone, why not ring him now and say:

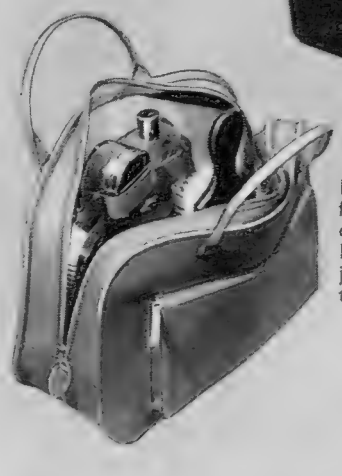
"PLEASE BE SURE TO SEND THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF *THE SPHERE*"

at 170 Piccadilly



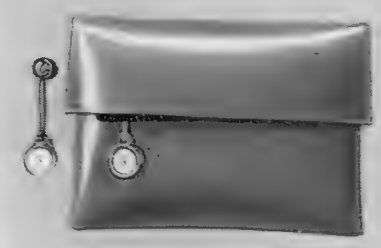
REVELATION
Soft Top Morocco Case with enamel and chromium fittings on lift out standard. In blue or green. Size 20". **13 gns.**

Westclox "Travalarm" with luminous dial. Roll shutter action makes this original alarm clock ideal for travelling. **25/-**



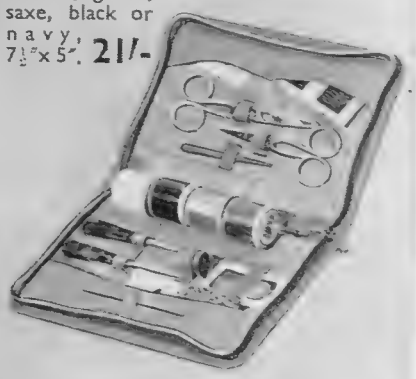
Pigskin Travelling Bag with outside zip fastening pocket for passport. Lined oilsilk and fitted with "Ironwood" hair brush, clothes brush, two bottles and jars. Extra pockets for own toilet accessories. **5 gns.**

Pigskin zip fastening Dressing Case fitted natural ebony and chrome. Attached sponge pocket lined oilsilk. **59/6**



Calf pochette in all colours—with detachable Fob Watch Size 10"x 7". **25/6**

Morocco Sewing Case with zip fastener and superior quality fittings. In red, green, saxe, black or navy, 7½"x 5". **21/-**



Pigskin Utility Case, lined oilsilk with sponge pocket.
Size 9"x 6". **21/-**
Larger size, 11"x 7" **32/6**
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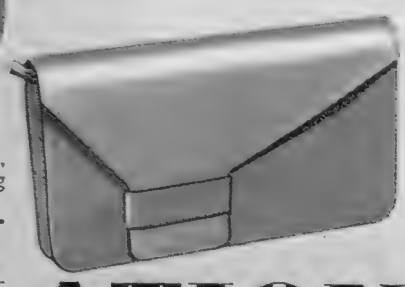

Pigskin Pochette, leather lined, fitted with purse, mirror and long inside zip fastening compartment, size 11"x 6½". **21/-**

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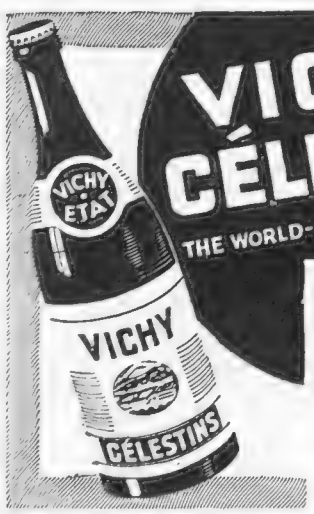

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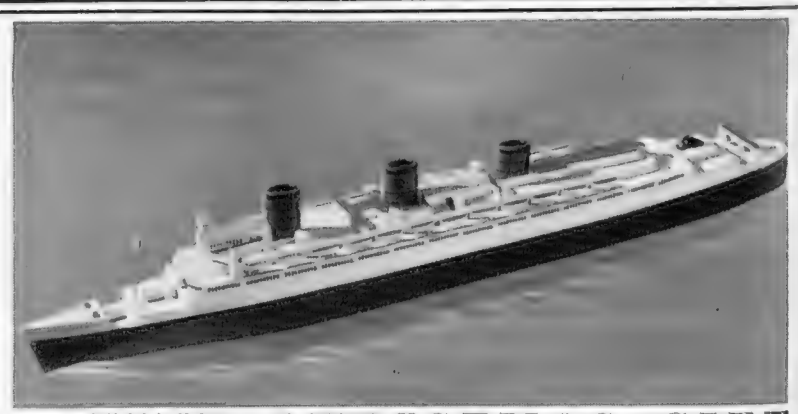

A FINE CHRISTMAS GIFT

From the designs of G. H. Davis (special artist of *The Illustrated London News*) have been produced accurate-to-scale working models of H.M.S. *Nelson* and R.M.S. *Queen Mary.* A powerful electric motor is fitted and the models float perfectly. The price is very moderate considering the fine workmanship.

Details are as follows: R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY" overall length 34 ins. Price including packing £3 3s. Carriage inland 1/6 each, abroad 5/9 each. South Africa 8/3 each. H.M.S. "NELSON" overall length 26 ins. Price £1 15s. Carriage inland 1/6, abroad 4/-. South Africa 5/9. Order with remittance should be sent to Dept. R.38

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"WHERE THE REMOTE BERMUDAS RIDE":

An Island Group, Rich in History, Natural Beauties, and Modern Amenities, that Inspires Many Superlatives : Its Air Link with the American Mainland

BERMUDA, cedar-clad coral island in a sea which the unaided eye can penetrate many fathoms and soothed by as gentle an atmosphere as you could find north of the Tropic of Cancer, inspires many superlatives. To me they are unnecessary; the one word Bermuda flashes into the mind's eye a panorama of sweet repose. That is the picture to-day but it has not always been so. They say that at certain periods a cloud shaped like a man forms over one part of the island and romantic tradition identifies it with the ghost of Captain Kidd hankering after hidden treasure. The only established fact, however, is that the notorious pirate did know the island.

There was drama in the opening chapter of its history, for it was the wrecking there of Admiral Sir George Somers while on his way to Virginia which led to the first colonisation of the place by the Bermuda Company in the early years of the seventeenth century. The names of those pioneers are perpetuated in the many place names and in families living in the islands, more correctly spoken of, perhaps, as the Bermudas. The alternative name, Somers Islands, is rarely used by travellers, possibly because it is not so euphonious as the older one dating back to the preface, so to speak, of their history. Bermudez was a Spanish navigator who sighted the islands four-score years before Somers established the colony and although he did nothing about it his name is indelibly stamped on the map of the world.

The islands are some 600 miles from the nearest point on the mainland of North America—Cape Hatteras in North Carolina. The air service from Baltimore, well to the north, makes light of that bit of ocean and the flying boats cross in about five hours, while there are steamer services from New York (in forty hours) and Canadian ports. From this country there is a regular service every four weeks, the voyage occupying ten days, but some of our people naturally make the crossing to America and then down by steamer or across by air.

The approach to Bermuda is through a narrow tortuous channel and as the liner threads her way between the islands there is something rather grotesque about it. The ship seems far too big! The fact is that taking the whole lot of the islands into account—and there are more than 100 of them, including some which are merely rocks—they muster an area of less than 20 sq. miles. That is not as big as Guernsey and only a fraction of the size of the Isle of Wight with its 147 sq. miles. Less than a score of the islands are inhabited.

On the map they look the oddest collection imaginable, almost defying a description of their "layout." To the westward they form a sort of sickle and at the extremity is the naval dockyard. The curve forms the Great Sound which the incoming liner enters on her way to the capital, Hamilton. There seem to be islands everywhere, one group revelling in the alphabetical names, Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta.

That Grecian touch is in striking contrast to the English names surrounding it, such as Devonshire and Smith's, the parishes forming the stock of our sickle. Adjoining Devonshire is Pembroke, protruding from the line of the sickle to form the other arm of the Great Sound and the sharp angle of Hamilton harbour.

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Hamilton Cathedral tower standing high above the roofs of the town seems to be the stamp of the sovereign power on the island. For the rest it is not England, it is not America, it is just Bermuda. The preservation of that quality is a sacred charge of the colony's authorities and right well they are doing it.

They have decreed against the general introduction of motor cars, allowing a few for ambulances, fire engines and public works vehicles, but not for you and me. "How do Americans take to that?" I asked one Bermudan. "They love it," he replied. "It is such a change from what they get at home and that is why they come here." Good reasoning, as good as that which promoted the decree, for as you will have gathered from the limited acreage of the place there is really no room for motors. Many aspects of modern life Bermuda cannot keep pace with and does not want to. The dear old bicycle is the standard of speed not excelled much even by the railway which runs for about 25 miles from the St. George's Island on one side of the archipelago to Somerset on the far side, linking with its bridges most of the larger islands. It is quite a good day's outing to do the islands by the train, making a break en route at some quaint inn.

Old St. George is a very interesting place to wander round. It was the first colonial settlement of importance in the group and its streets possess the charm of the old days. The church is one of the oldest in the western hemisphere. In addition to the link by train a causeway has been built connecting the main island with Long Bird Island and continuing to St. George.

Then there is Harrington Sound, one of the most interesting sections of the chief island. It narrowly misses being a lake, and close to the narrow waterway to the sea are the Government aquarium and museum. The Crystal and Leamington Caves are not far from the fringe of the Sound. In the former the white stalactites overhang a subterranean lake which reflects the fantastic coral limestone formations and create an enchanting picture. At Leamington the formations are yellow. Between the caves is the cottage of Tom Moore, the Irish poet, overlooking Castle Harbour, on the far side of which is St. David's Island where descendants of the famous Mohawk Indians live. From St. David's comes the famous Bermuda arrowroot, said to be the finest in the world. A new bridge now links St. David's and St. George's.

Bermuda, however, is not just a place for a few excursions like these. The longer you can stay there the better; there seems to be a different beach for almost every day of the year.

Then there are the flowers and the birds. Hibiscus and oleanders line the roadside, the latter being especially beautiful in May, and the lily fields, where the blooms are prolific, are at perfection nearer Eastertide.

The Bermudan cedar is the outstanding tree. At one time it was of great importance for shipbuilding and it was freely used in the older homes of the people. The solid sandstone houses, by the way, all have spotless white roofs, since the only water supply of the island is from the rain which falls on them, and is collected in tanks. The splashes of colour contributed by the bird life is all in keeping with the scene. The Virginian cardinal, bluebird, and the golden chick of the village are among them.

Game fishing is available in abundance—tuna, wahoo, amberjack, barracuda—and has developed in the last few years. There are five excellent golf courses and many tennis courts. These all contribute to the happy, healthy life Bermuda offers the traveller. It was an American who wrote that it does not cater to Miamian tastes. I think you will know what that means and return thanks for Bermuda.

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Sure, this is an elegant volume which will captivate all followers of hounds. Its story is not of our more familiar shires, but of Ireland, past and present. The illustrations are in both colour and black and white offset; the touch of the artist in these latter is admirably preserved. The spirited jacket drawing and others in the body of the volume deal with that very tricky obstacle, characteristic of the Irish hunting landscape, "The Donble." It consists of a long mound, with a ditch, in many cases, on both sides, which in the days of the great estates divided one property from another. The big estates have gone but the donbles persist, and terrifying things they look to the inexperienced rider. Experts negotiate them, but judging from the illustrations, the process is not a simple or very elegant one. The whole book is full of entertaining jottings and its pages can be turned again and again, with lasting pleasure.

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PROPAGANDA BOOM. By A. J. MACKENZIE (*John Gifford.* 10s. 6d.).

According to many German writers, Germany was not defeated in 1918 by the force of arms but through the insidious work of enemy propaganda. "Great Britain surpassed both her allies and her foes in the great game of propaganda. Where she failed in the might of her guns, she succeeded in the finesse of her propaganda. She ruled both the waves of the sea and the ocean of public opinion"—so writes G. S. Viereck, voicing the opinion generally held in Germany. It is said that during October, 1918, the British dropped by rockets and balloons, and scattered by aeroplanes, more than 5,000,000 leaflets over the German lines, and thus helped to break the morale of the people. This method of propaganda has been eagerly assimilated by most nations, particularly by the dictator countries, who use the press, the cinema, and the wireless to disseminate their propaganda everywhere.

Mr. Mackenzie's book is a forcible, well-written account of the growth and importance of propaganda, of its good and bad use, and of the necessity for the British Government to make use of it in peace as they did so effectually in war. Coming at this moment, when parts of the world are drenched with propaganda, the book fulfils a want, providing the reader with all the facts of the present situation. The danger of insistent propaganda, where no criticism can possibly exist, is obvious enough, and Mr. Mackenzie urges the British Government to organise propaganda for democracy, "not with any provocative or bellicose intent, but with a genuine desire to place her power at the service of civilisation." He thinks that the danger of increasing international bitterness can be obviated "if one propaganda avoided recrimination and invective, and if it emphasised the reality of British power, clarified the policy of this country, and won the confidence of every nation by telling the truth to the world."

THOUGH CONSISTING ONLY OF SUN-DRIED BRICK, this 160-ft. tower erected in the desert some seventy miles from Bagdad, has stood for 2,500 years—a monument to the might of Babylonian civilisation. The picture appears in Richard Halliburton's *A Book of Marvels of the East* (Geoffrey Bles. 8s. 6d.)

MARVELS OF THE EAST. By RICHARD HALIBURTON (*Bles.* 8s. 6d.).

This copiously illustrated book is written for young people to open their minds to the wonders of the past in the East. It is written as if the author were conveying a group of intelligent boys and girls on a marvellous journey, including a cruise along the coast of Greece and the eastern Mediterranean, and overland trips across deserts to the spectacular splendours of ancient history. The illustrations cannot fail to excite interest as the reader turns from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Colossus at Rhodes, the marvels of the Pyramids, the enchanted Temple of Petra, the outstanding glory of the ruins of Baalbek, the exquisite beauty of the Taj Mahal, and mysteries of Llasa—skimming the cream of the marvels of the East.

Though written in simple colloquial manner for the young mind, the older reader will find much to revive his scattered knowledge, for few of us when confronted, say, with the name of Zenobia can give a detailed account of that courageous "Queen of the East." Here we learn all about her defiance of Rome from the famous city of Palmyra, that palm-shaded oasis in the desert, with its

CHRISTMAS: Illustrations by Notable Contemporary Artists

great walls and stone-columned streets. To-day the ruins of the once splendid city lie spread over the desert, memorials of that long-dead city once a great market for all the caravans of the East, now blown and half covered by sand. This story must stimulate the imagination and foster desire for travel and knowledge.

A NEW SEA BOOK: The Ocean Tramp. By FRANK C. HENDRY (SHALIMAR); illustrated by FRANK H. MASON, R.I. (*Collins*. 21s.).

The author, Captain Frank Hendry, has had a varied experience of the sea and is well known, especially to readers of *Blackwood's*, as a writer of stirring sea yarns under the name of Shalimar. In this new volume he deals, not with the great liners and greyhounds of the sea, but with the ocean-going tramp, both under sail and steam. Captain Hendry's narrative is of course well served by Mr. Frank Mason, who is past-master at depicting a [illegible]ner buffeting the seas. There is a very generous allowance of illustration both in black and white and colour and all of them reinforce Captain Hendry's tale. A section of the book deals with particular ships which have come through storm and fire in epic fashion.

THE EPIC OF THE S.S. "CORONDA" is told by Frank C. Hendry and illustrated by Frank H. Mason, R.I., in their book *The Ocean Tramp* (Collins. 21s.). A propeller shaft was actually mended in mid-Atlantic

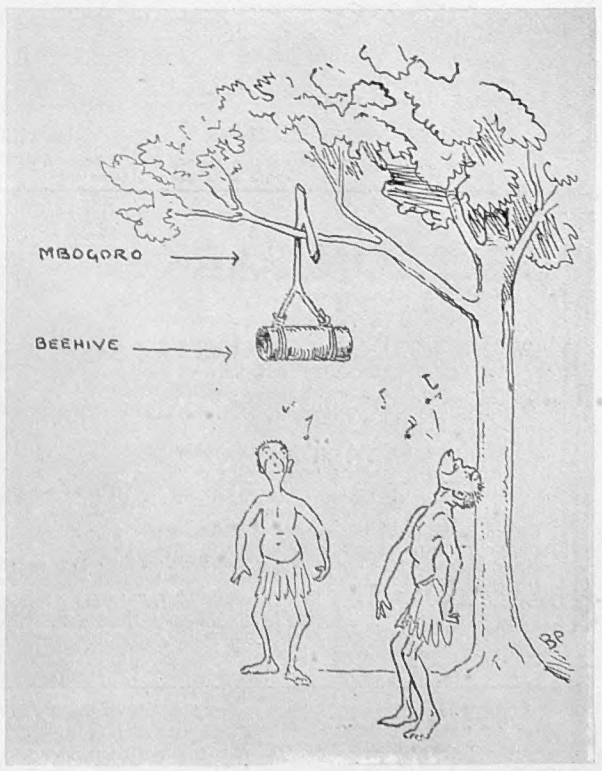
CAPTAIN FRANK C. HENDRY, author of *The Ocean Tramp*, in which he tells many a true romantic tale of heroism and daring in the mercantile marine

The rescue of S.S. *Raddam*, in 1902, for instance, is told in detail. She had arrived in the harbour of St. Pierre, Martinique, shortly before Mt. Pelée erupted horizontally with terrific violence, obliterating the city and all its inhabitants save one negro prisoner in a cell. Burning ashes fell on the ships in the harbour and killed a number of hands who were on the deck of the *Raddam*. Captain Freeman escaped with burned hands. He found that there was a certain amount of steam up, and the story tells of the heroic rescue of his ship amid the awful blackness of one of the most horrifying eruptions of recorded history. How the engineers of the *Coronda* repaired a broken propeller shaft in a storm also makes excellent reading.

BIRDS AND BEASTS IN AFRICA. By LORD BADEN-POWELL (*Macmillan*. 4s. 6d.).

A serious illness drove Lord Baden-Powell to his country residence in Kenya for complete rest in beautiful surroundings. He employed his leisure in writing this book to tell his great organisation of the Boy Scouts of the delights of the bird and animal life which he observed from his bungalow at Nyeri. The village of Nyeri is situated on green downland looking across forest and plain to white-capped Mount Kenya, and though on the equator, enjoys a cool climate owing to being 6,000 ft. above the sea. There are trees, green grass, and masses of flowers, lilies, salvias, cannas—all the English flowers, together with many tropical ones—a Paradise indeed!

The book is illustrated with coloured drawings and amusing little pen sketches of the natives, all of them the work of the author, whose hand has not lost its skill in spite of his eighty-two years. One clever little sketch shows a native woman being fitted on with her wire necklace by the blacksmith, who has the difficult task of coiling the long length of wire in a decorative way round the lady's neck. When she struts away from this lengthy business she is a very proud young person, for it is well known that the greater the quantity of coiled wire round the neck, arms, and legs, the greater the importance and style of the wearer. B. H.



WHEN A NIGGER WANTS TO START A BEEHIVE he hollows out a small log, burns certain leaves in it to give it the right scent, and hangs it on a tree, afterwards whistling a certain tune to call the bees. Lord Baden-Powell describes and illustrates this phenomenon in his latest book, *Birds and Beasts in Africa* (Macmillan. 4s. 6d.)

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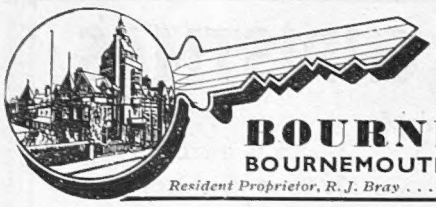

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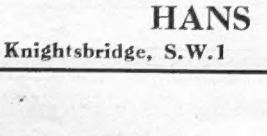

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In Quest of

Exmouth and Sidmouth Appeal to Devon's Equable Climate : Some

THE real rush to find Christmas accommodation is now almost over—at least, judging from my post-bag, it is. There will, as always, be a few who, either from circumstances or temperament, are unable to make their arrangements ahead; and these will have to take their chance at the last minute. As with the lucky dip in the fun fair, some of them will be lucky. Others, doubtless, will not—and to these I must respectfully suggest that they have only themselves to blame.

But, for the most part, the inquiries which I receive through THE SPHERE are back to normal for the time of year; that is to say, they are concerned with winter residence, and a few with winter holidays. The great majority of people cannot, of course, take a winter holiday, but for those who can, I strongly advocate it. A winter spent in the northern latitude of the British Isles can be very definitely a physical and mental strain if it is not spent wisely; and there is no wiser way of spending it for those who are in a position to do so than to break the five long months from November to March with a carefully chosen little holiday of three or four weeks, just as everybody does in the summer.

Better still, of course, pick a spot where you can find material comfort in the form of a good hotel, where the sun is likely to shine, and where there is plenty to do in the way of relaxation, and stay put there, thankful that you are more fortunate than most of your fellows.

But, whether for a winter holiday or for months of residence, the same requirements up to a point are necessary, and the first of these, I know, from what the public itself writes and tells me, is warmth. So let us this week look at one of the warmest spots in this island of ours—the sunny south-east corner of Devon, truly a garden countryside if ever there was one.

This region is one of the fairest in England climatically. It is very dry. In summer it is seldom too hot, and in winter almost never too cold. It is a beautiful countryside in itself, being composed of farmland, open moors, woods and orchard gardens—the whole knit together with a coastline of incredible beauty. Never have I seen the sea look bluer than it can do under the red cliffs of Budleigh Salterton or Sidmouth. Never has moorland air seemed more inviting than it seems in the wild country behind Exmouth. Here, too, are a number of good hotels of different kinds, out of which my most critical reader should be able to pick a winner.

First I will tell you of Knappe Cross Hotel near Exmouth, and "near Exmouth" means very strategically placed. For it is a mile or two from the town and well away from the path of the crowd. It is within the easiest reach of the London-Exeter road, and it has the sea within a few minutes' drive of it—either at Exmouth or at Budleigh Salterton.

Here is an hotel which is as popular in winter as it is in summer—and why? Because it offers a real bargain in its winter terms. The proprietors of this lovely place feel that they owe it to themselves and their hotel—to say nothing of their guests—to keep it as full as possible all through the year. The result? That without altering their standard of comfort by one jot, they

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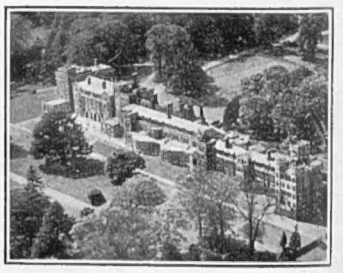

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Good Hotels

by ASHLEY COURTENAY

hose Who Wish to Winter in Hotels From Which to Choose

reduce their terms from 7 guineas or 8 guineas a week in summer so that in winter they run from 4½ guineas. And 4½ guineas a week seems almost ridiculous to pay in view of what one gets for it.

For Knappe Cross is the perfect country house—beautiful within and without. And it combines with the ordinary graces and pleasures of the English country house such luxuries as central heating, roaring log fires, softened water in every bedroom, rooms which are positively palatial in their size and proportions, and beds that have to be slept in to be believed. No wonder I consider that this place is, in racing parlance, one of my "nap" selections.

In the town of Exmouth itself, I must make mention of another hotel which will be not unknown to some of my readers—the Moriglen, where Mr. and Mrs. Bonner dispense their own particular kind of hearty hospitality and homely comfort, winter and summer alike. You will probably get into the Moriglen during the winter months if you are fortunate, but even so, it is as well to book ahead, for many others besides myself know of its attractions, and it is usually pretty full. Winter terms here run from 3½ guineas.

It is but a short distance along the coast from Exmouth to beautiful Budleigh Salterton, and here I must stay a moment to join my tribute with others to the famous Rosemullion Hotel—justly famous, because it is one of the most beautifully situated and well-run hotels on the south coast.

It is not many months ago since I talked to a man who was asking my advice on opening an hotel for the first time. "You must make up your mind," I said, "what sort of place it is you want to run, and, having decided, you must stick to it—even in the face of rebuffs." "I have already decided," he answered. "I should like it to be as much like the Rosemullion at Budleigh Salterton as possible, because I think that is the nicest hotel I know." Such tributes from rival hoteliers are worth something more than the paper on which they are written.

Lastly, those who appreciate beautiful surroundings and leisure well spent must not ignore Sidmouth—an unspoilt town, with a lingering atmosphere of more spacious days. Personally, I like Sidmouth very much. It is a place at which one can escape . . . from almost anything. Here nothing seems to disturb the tranquil tenor of a peaceful life. The sun rises brilliantly in the morning, sets in glory in the evening. The tide rises and falls, pleasant people come and go, and you take your choice of good hotels. If you prefer five-star magnificence, the Victoria or the Fortfield. If your taste leans towards something equally comfortable but smaller, you have your pick of the Royal York, the Riviera, or the ever-attractive Royal Glen. Certainly a place to remember is Sidmouth for those—and they are many—who like it.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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Telephone 31295 *Telegrams : Melcrest, Edinburgh*

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor.—"Dalbeattie." Tel. 1492.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel. Tel. 42.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS—*continued.*

ENGLAND—*continued*

Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Oakham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.

ENGLAND—*continued*

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Beaulieu-s-Mer.—Hotel Victoria.—100 rooms full south, large sunny garden, excellent cooking. Pension from 50 frs.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class quiet residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—Hotel Grande Bretagne.—Sunny park, motor ser., casino, golf links, bridge rm. Pen. terms fm. 12/6 & 15/-, or 4 Gns. & £5 wkly.

Cannes.—Hotel Montfleury.—Large Park Manager: G. Tamme.

French Riviera.—Navirotel.—Le Trayas (Var) Near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet with terms.

Monte-Carlo.—Hotel Prince de Galles.—Strictly first-class. Beautiful garden. Magnificent view. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.

Garmisch, Bavarian Winter Sport Centre.—**Golf Hotel, Sonnenbichl.**—Incomparably beautiful situation. 1st-cl. htl. Pens. from Mk. 9.50.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Park Hotel "Alpenhof."—Lead'g hotel in Bavarian Alps. Cen. sit. Every com. Prospec. thro' propr.: Hanns Kilian.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

MADEIRA.

Funchal.—Hotel Victoria.—Op. Csno. Bdrms. h. & c., very centl. Frm 10/6 incl. Under the supervsn of the proprs. Cables–Comfort, Funchal.

SWITZERLAND.

Davos-Platz.—Angleterre & Park Hotel.—Ldg. Engl. Htl. nr. Parsenn & Schatzalp Railwy. Nrly. evry rm. wh. loggia, gd. fd. & ser. New Man., H. Verdino.

SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

Grindelwald.—The Bear.—The Gay Sports and Social Centre. Inclusive terms from 16/-, including tea.

Gstaad (Bernese Oberland).—Grand Htl. Alpina. Skiers' Paradise. First class fam. hotel. Won. sitn. Incl. terms from Fr. 14. E. Burri, Prop.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food and comfort. Winter Sports. Topping band. Terms 13–17 frs.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position. first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne.—Victoria.—Ideal Residence for autumn and winter. Quiet but convenient. Inclusive from 12/-.

Lenzerheide—(Grisons) 5,000 ft.—**The Schweizerhof.** Trad. Eng. House. Cen. of sports & soc. life. Season Dec.-March. F. Brenn, Man. prop.

Pontresina (Engadine).—The Kronenhof.—The traditional English house.

Pontresina (Engadin).—Schloss-Hotel.—Leading House. Headquarters of the visitors' Curling Clubs. Pension from Frs. 16.

St. Moritz.—Savoy Hotel.—1st cl. fam. hotel. quiet central position, lake view. Pen. S. frs. 16, Attached: Savoy Bar—Dancing, open all night.

Wengen.—Grand Hotel Belvedere.—1st class, every modern comfort, excellent cuisine, Bar, Orchestra. Pension terms from 14/-.

Wengen.—The Palace.—"The best of the best." Inclusive terms from Frs. 18.
F. Borter, Propr.

Zermatt for all Winter Sports.
Hotel Victoria (160 beds).
Inclusive terms from Frs. 15.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au Lac.—Ideal in winter. Restaurant. Famous bar. Covered tennis court. Golf.

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And golfing is only one of the joys of this superb Winter resort, which include tennis, riding, swimming (a fine indoor pool and sandy beach), excursions to fascinating Lisbon (only 14 miles away), fun at the Casino, dancing . . . Estoril is ideal, too, for those who want a rest—the soothing even climate and invigorating sea air restore strength rapidly. There is a modern thermal establishment, too. Accommodation at the excellent hotels and comfortable boarding houses is inexpensive—scarcely more than living at home!

Average temperature in Winter: 54 F.
Average of 6 to 8 hours of sunshine daily in Winter.

CLIMATOLOGIC STATION OF MONTE ESTORIL

UNDER TECHNICAL SUPERVISION OF THE CENTRAL METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY

TEMPERATURE (MEAN): 1933: 61.49 - 1935: 60.87 ★ BRIGHT SUNSHINE: 1933: 3239.51 - 1935: 3204.47

YEAR 1937	Mean. $\frac{M+m}{2}$	Maximum Mean.	Minimum Mean.	Solar radiation Mean.	Bright sunshine h. m.	Sea water Mean.
WINTER *(Dec.-Feb.)*	53.80	59.53	48.07	94.48	521.17	55.7
SUMMER *(June-Aug.)*	68.75	76.59	60.91	112.67	1118.36	61.6

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1st cl. £12—with return £18
2nd cl. £7— ,, ,, £11
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ESTORIL
Sun and sports

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